Privateer Press™

NO QUARTER MAGAZINE

ISSUE Nº 3
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INTO THE PAST OF THE WITCHFIRE!

Dexer Sirac Unearths a Legend

IRON KINGDOMS™

WARMACHINE™

SUPERIORITY

New 'Jacks and Troops from the New Book for WARMACHINE!

HORDES™

PICK YOUR PET!

Choosing a HORDES Faction

NOVEMBER 2005

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On the Cover

Center of Attention
Surrounded by her thrall minions, Alexia Ciannor wields the same black blade which struck her mother down, condeming Alexia to the path of vengance.

Matt Wilson
Award winning illustrator and game designer, Matt Wilson is a founding member of Privateer Press and as the creative director continues to define the vision that drives the Iron Kingdoms, WARMACHINE, and HORDES. View more of his artwork at **www.mattwilsonart.com**.

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No Quarter Magazine

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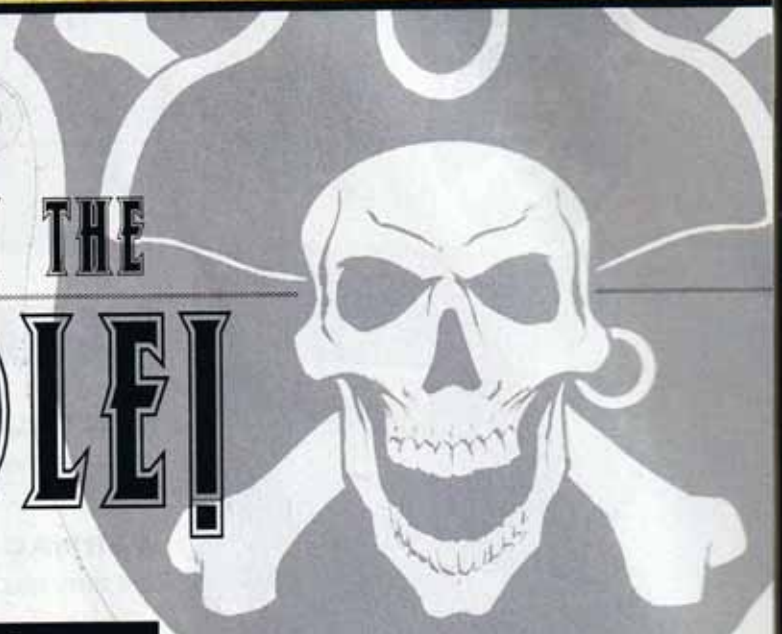
FIRE IN THE HOLE!



In the beginning there was Witchfire.

Looking back, it is hard to believe it was just a few short years ago. Now there is WARMACHINE, Iron Kingdoms, Full-Metal Fantasy figures, comic books, action figures, magazines and soon, HORDES. As we prepare for the release of the new Witchfire Trilogy compiled edition, I am constantly amazed at the ground that has been covered since the first of the Witchfire trilogy hit the shelves.

From the beginning Privateer Press has been driven to creating a dynamic, fully developed experience for you and your games. Innovative games and worlds that deliver high quality, detailed products. Not just games and products that will sell, but games and products we ourselves would want to buy and play. With each model, each book, each new project, we get a little closer to what we want.

Every time we release a new product, we get to tell you a bit more of the story. We get the privilege of giving you a new tool to carve out your own adventure, a new piece of the world to explore, and new characters to relate to or rally against.

There are now thousands of pages of background, several major plot lines, dozens of characters, and hundreds of models to sate your appetite for the Iron Kingdoms. No Quarter Magazine is dedicated to bringing you perspective on this volume of content. Not only is No Quarter Magazine going to continue to give you new material, but it is also the best place to find out what is coming next, and how all of the Privateer Press products interact and relate to one another and your gaming experience.

In this issue you will find a preview of our next book for WARMACHINE titled "Superiority". Releasing in summer 2006, WARMACHINE: Superiority brings you new troops and 'jacks for WARMACHINE factions and continues the story of your favorite warcasters and the aftermath of the Thornwood battles. The two new warjacks and two new troop selections in this preview are just a sample of the new options you will find for your forces in WARMACHINE: Superiority.

You will also find a tactical breakdown of the new HORDES factions, a glimpse of the origins of the Witchfire, and a boatload of scenarios, RPG goodies, and modeling tips. No matter what brings you to Privateer Press and the Iron Kingdoms products, No Quarter Magazine is here to stoke the fires and connect the dots between all of our stories; filling in the details and giving you what you need to put it all together.

So as Privateer Press turns up the volume on the type and number of products we are releasing, No Quarter Magazine will continue to be the hub for all of them. Be it WARMACHINE, HORDES, Iron Kingdoms RPG, comics, action figures, or other surprises along the way, we will keep you up to date and ready for battle.

In the beginning there was Witchfire... There is no end in sight.

Duncan Huffman
-Editor in Chief

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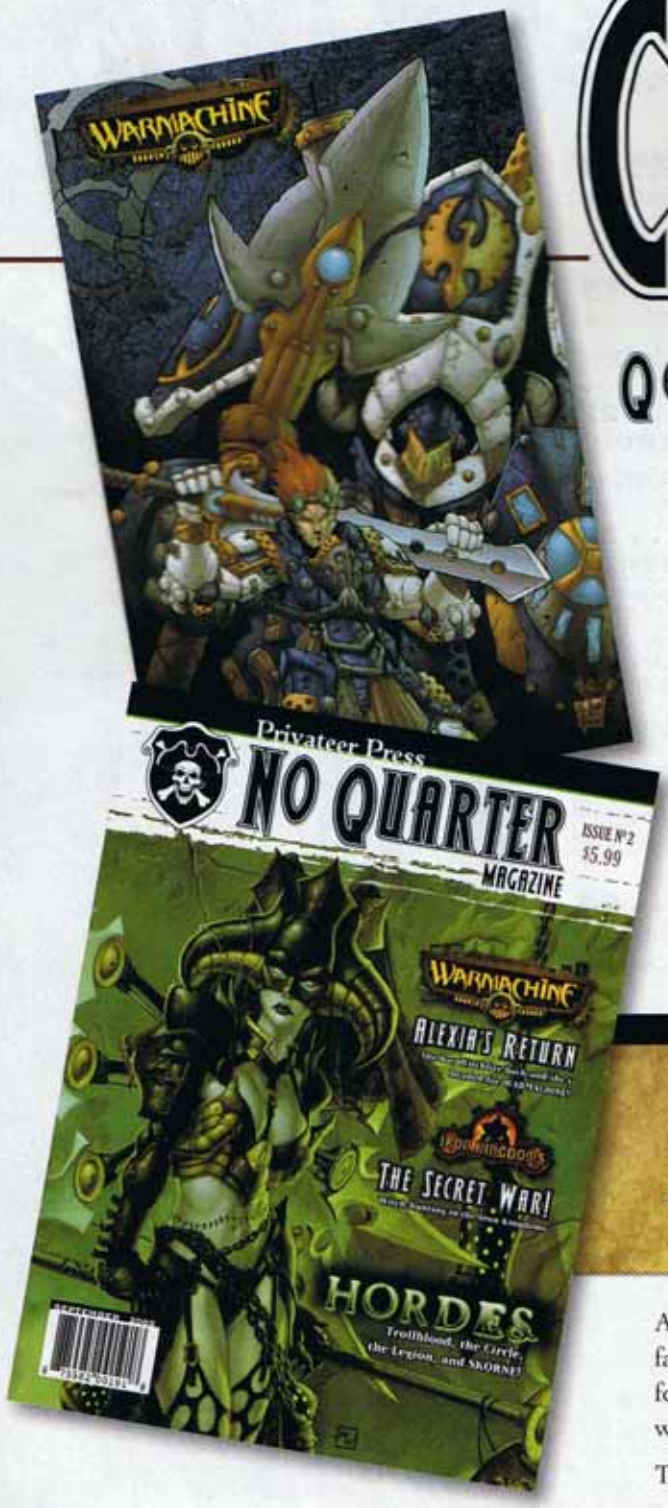
BOATSWAIN'S CALL

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Q&A, AND GENERAL SHENANIGANS!



Coming Soon!

If you haven't heard yet, Privateer Press and Bright Anvil Studios (www.brightanvil.com) will be teaming up to create a new comic book. This three-issue mini-series, planned for second-half of 2006, will focus on the history of Commander Coleman Stryker and his early days as a Warcaster.

RPG Characters in WARMACHINE - Postponed

In last issue's Poop Deck we mentioned that we would tell you about using RPG characters in WARMACHINE. Considering the volume of other content we needed to get into this issue, we have decided to hold off on this project for the time being. You will see a project dealing with this topic in the future, but for now we wanted to focus on the four main factions through a sneak peak at WARMACHINE: Superiority.

Q: On page 20 of NQM#2 Alexia is listed as a warcaster. On page 21 I don't see a focus stat for her. Is she really a warcaster? If so, how does she allocate focus? She would make a terrible warcaster with no focus.

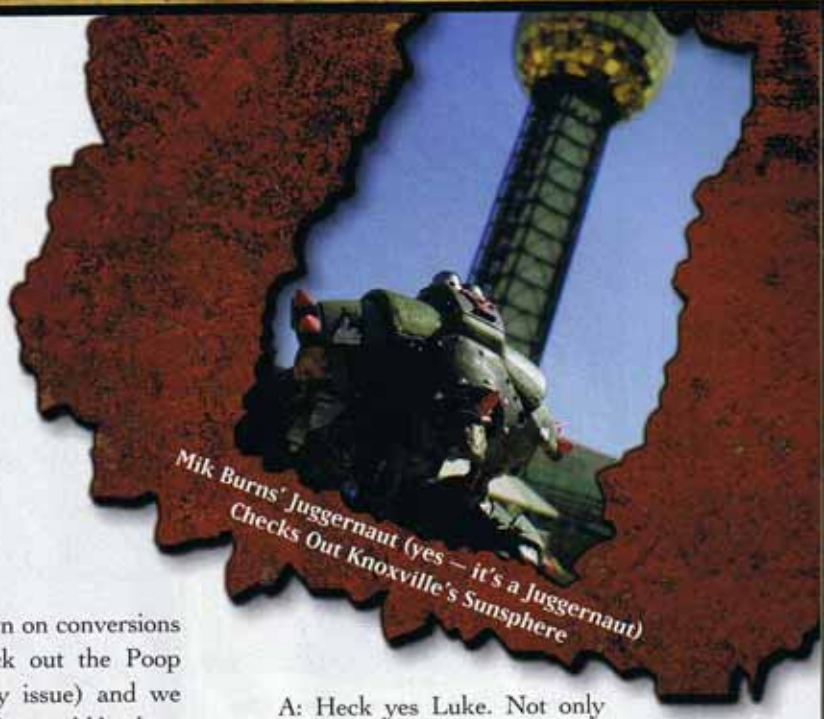
—Tom Minor

A: She would indeed be a terrible warcaster as written. That one is in fact a typo. Alexia is not a warcaster, but a solo. Not to make excuses for the typo, but we used a two page template that we often use for warcasters and missed that bit of old data.

The offending crewman has been flogged (and my back still hurts...).

Got a cool landmark in your town?

Send us pictures of your 'jacks out on walkabout to **jackabouttown@privateerpress.com** If we like 'em, we'll print 'em.



Mik Burns' Juggernaut (yes – it's a Juggernaut) Checks Out Knoxville's Sunsphere

Q: Dear No Quarter,

First of all, let me congratulate you with a fantastic magazine. I have bought both #1 and #2 and both were superb. Now to get to my question...

No Quarter #2 introduced the conversions for 'Elite Cadres' (following the rules from Apotheosis), using many bits from all kinds of miniatures and combining these into terrific units (I really liked those Winterguards!). Unfortunately it all seems a bit expensive for us gamers. In order to make those Winterguards we need the following:

-Winterguard (duh...)
-Hammerfall High Shield Gun Corps boxed set (for the backpacks)
-Kossite Woodsmen (for the head swaps)
-Man O' War Kovnik (for the banner)

That is a lot of money we are talking about! So my question basically is if you are planning to incorporate a 'Mail Order' system where you can order specific parts in the (near) future? If not, do you guys have any (cheaper) suggestions for Elite Cadres?

Many thanks,

—Marijn 'Malebolgia' Bierhof

A: Thanks for the letter Marijn. The conversions in NQM#2 were meant to be a bit of inspiration rather that a literal "do it yourself". Some folks still think we frown on conversions (we don't – check out the Poop Deck in this very issue) and we wanted to show what could be done with the elite troops in mind.

That said, we would at some point love to provide a "bits" service. A shopping system where a modeler could buy exactly what they needed would be a great solution for those wanting to undertake extensive conversions.

Currently, we are focused on keeping our products on the shelves and ramping up for Hordes. A bits service at this time would be more of an intensive undertaking than we can commit to. As soon as we have a solution that works for us, our retailers, and for you, we'll be sure to let you know.

Q: Dear Editor,

I was just wondering if we will continue getting new units, not just of the merc fashion either, released in No Quarter. I know that Privateer Press will continue popping out awesome expansions like Apotheosis, but will we get the occasional new (insert factions) unit or warcaster here and there?

Sincerely,

—Luke from WI

A: Heck yes Luke. Not only will you continue to see new units in No Quarter, we may even be able to put them in every issue. We may skip one now and then for other content, but if we have new items or previews to share, count on them being here first.

Not only that, the new units you see here will eventually end up in future books (see the four new WARMACHINE:Superiority entries in this very issue). So essentially, you are getting a jump on the new products a year or more before they are even released in a book.

Q: Hello Mr. Editor,

As you can imagine, I'm really enjoying all the RPG content in the No Quarter magazine. But I have a couple of questions:

How will the release of Hordes affect the RPG? Can we expect some sort of wilderness guide (similar to the world guide) detailing all the forests, mountain ranges, lairs... Where the hordes conflicts are taking place?

Will No Quarter feature detailed maps of cities and regions at some point? As Apotheosis takes the battle to Fisherbrook,

Fellig and surrounding regions, it would be nice if we (RPG players) could have some detailed maps of those towns which are featured on the campaign map. Other town maps are of course also welcome. Or a detailed town write-up or the write-up of a certain cool inn in Corvis or ...

Will the art of Brian Snoddy always keep featuring people smoking cigars? Euhm, never mind, I think I know the answer already. Kudo's to Brian by the way for the beautiful bottle in the Liber Mechanika.

—Ralph, Buccaneer Bass

A: Wow, lots of great questions – where to begin?

HORDES will have an impact on the RPG line in a couple of ways. The first and most dramatic would be the miniatures. Many of the monsters from the Monsternomicon will appear as models in HORDES. So a GM who wants to torment his player with a warpwolf, woldwarden, or Skorne will only have to pick up the appropriate HORDES pieces.

Secondly will be the story lines. WARMACHINE drives the primary plot for the Iron Kingdoms. Players of the RPG have been able to use these world altering changes as plot hooks, adventure seeds, and flavor for their characters and games since Prime was released. Similarly, HORDES will tell tales from the wilder side of the Iron Kingdoms. From the Bloodstone Marches to the dark enclaves of the Circle, HORDES will open up more world for you to explore and interact with.

As for specific books that relate to HORDES content, Monsternomicon II has been tentatively announced and should be loaded with critters, including those from HORDES. For that matter, this very issue features Pendrake and an encounter with the Skorne Cyclops. You can also look forward to more specific troll content (again, see this issue's "Blood of Trolls" RPG feature), maps and even more as time goes on.

For maps, we are planning a series of maps for NQM and other publications; we'll have more details on this shortly.

Brian's art does feature quite a few stogies. One reason is that Brian and several of the crew around here like to smoke cigars and enjoy them as a bit of a hobby. In addition, the Iron Kingdoms tobacco, Hooaga is a vital commodity and is often traded, and smoked across western Immoren. We will have a brief breakdown on cigars and some more great Snoddy art in the next issue as well. Hope you enjoy it!

Q: I loved the vicky/denny conflict in the first edition any chance we can see more fiction at that standard?

—Doc

A: Without a doubt Doc.

No Quarter is will bring you fiction in two ways. First, narrative fiction as it relates to a scenario, adventure or other directly useful player content. For a great example, see either the Orsus or Magnus scenarios in this issue. Three pages of narrative fiction capped off by a playable scenario.

The second method will be a more direct fiction approach like the "Courage" story from NQM#1 or the Witchfire piece in this issue. These types of projects will relate to game content like the Witchfire Trilogy or Apotheoses, but take a more traditional story telling approach than the scenario pieces.

We love fiction around here and we'll continue to look for innovative and useful ways to bring it to you.

Q: The picture on page 12 [of NQM#2] looks like a Destroyer to me. Oops. It was a cool shot anyway

—Jokerbasher

A: Ha! You fell into our ...ummm trap. Yes...ahem... A diabolical trap to identify the true Khador sympathizers in our midst.

(Editors note: Must stop making the Boatswain's Call page late at night – good catch JokerB)

Q: With Fan Fiction thriving on the Privateer Press forums, will there ever be a chance for fans to send in Fan Fiction to No Quarter Magazine? Maybe you could call it "Bilge and Brig".

—nightflyer

A: "Bilge and Brig"... I like that.

Right now, we have not opened up No Quarter Magazine to outside submissions. While we appreciate the player fiction that is being generated, we need to focus on getting the content we have out to the public before opening the gates as it were.

Keep up the great work.

November Releases

Alexia Ciannor – The Witchfire Trilogy
Sculpted By: Jerzy Montwill
PIP 81039 $5.99

Vahn Oberen – The Witchfire Trilogy
Sculpted By: Jose Roig
PIP 81042 $5.99

Witchfire Trilogy Collected Edition

The Witchfire Trilogy Collected Edition – The Witchfire Trilogy is where it all began and now is the time to re-live the first adventures of the Iron Kingdoms. The collected edition includes all three of the original Withfire Trilogy, as well as two additional parts that bring this epic storyline into its full glory!

PIP 004 $34.99

Father Dumas – The Witchfire Trilogy
Sculpted By: Jose Roig
PIP 81040 $5.99

Cpt. Julian Helstrom – The Witchfire Trilogy
Sculpted By: Bobby Jackson
PIP 81041 $5.99

WARMACHINE

New Releases

November

Protectorate of Menoth Avatar Heavy Warjack
Sculpted By: John Winter

PIP 32035 $29.99

Cygnar Thunderhead Heavy Warjack
Sculpted By: Peter Flannery

PIP 31035 $44.99

Man-O-War Demolition Corps Unit Box
Sculpted By: John Winter

PIP 33037 $38.99

Khador Man-O-War Demolition Corps Leaving shields behind to focus on pure offensive brutality, the Corps is equipped with enormous mechanikally enhanced ice mauls. These pack a freezing punch that turns armor brittle and freezes flesh before the heavy weapon pulverizes its target

December

Khador Warcaster Vladimir,
the Dark Champion
Sculpted By: Kev White

Epic Khador Warcaster Vladimir, the Dark Champion – Now recovered from his deadly wounds, Vladimir Tzepesci once again marches amongst the armies of western Immoren and toward a destiny he must fulfill. Few among the Iron Kingdoms know of the true treats to come, however the dark champion shall see to it that either a zealous prophet or undead regent pays the ultimate price for threatening his precious Motherland.

PIP 33035 $14.99

Cygnar Warcaster Major Victoria Haley
Sculpted By: Bobby Jackson

PIP 31033 $14.99

Cryx Warcaster Wraith Witch Deneghra
Sculpted By: Gregory Clavilier

PIP 34037 $9.99

Man-O-War Demolition Corps
Sculpted By: John Winter

PIP 33038 $12.99

Protectorate Warcaster Grand Exemplar Kreoss
Sculpted By: Bobby Jackson

PIP 33035 $14.99

"SHOWROOM" MERCS

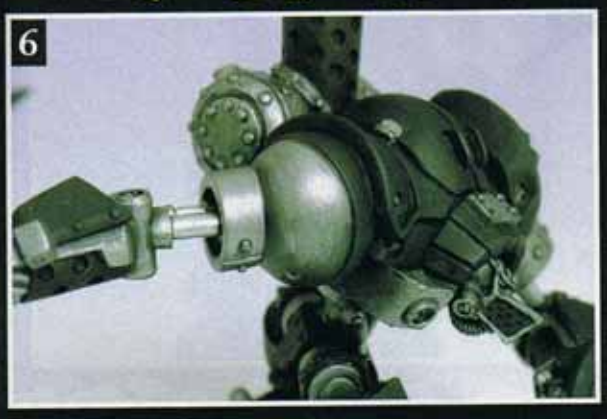
By Ron Kruzie with Rob Stoddard

In this article we will tackle a mercenary heavy warjack, the Nomad. To do this I'll be using a paint layering technique. My tools consist of Citadel paints & inks, Windsor & Newton Series 7 brushes, a paint tray, and my painting lights will be positioned at 10 o'clock and 2 o'clock above the model. In this issue we are painting the Nomad fresh off the 'jack foundry floor and prepping him for the "showroom". However if you prefer your 'jacks to be on the battlefields, then be here next issue for my sister article "Wartorn Mercs" where I'll guide you through my battle damage and weathering techniques.

First we need to prime our Nomad. Apply spray can black primer to the 'jack. I used black because the 'jack is going to be dark with metalics. When working on metalics I recommend painting over a black or dark brown primer. If you choose to prime your minis white, you may first want to paint the areas black or dark brown that will end up metallic.

A base coat of Boltgun Metal will be the first layer I apply after the primer has dried thoroughly. However, before we dive in I'd like to talk about some techniques. First, thin your paint down with a bit of water. As you can see here I'm using a paint tray (1), which is a tool I highly recommend for aspiring painters. Using an old burned out or cheap brush, put some Boltgun Metal in one of the paint tray chambers and some clean water in another. Next dip your brush into the water and then into the paint, mix it up, and do it again if needed until you can brush it on smoothly, not creamy as it comes in the bottle. Get into this habit—keeping your paint consistently smooth can greatly elevate your painting. Now that our Boltgun Metal is smooth let's apply the paint. You do not need to abuse your good brushes with this base coat, so feel free to use your old brush. It is okay to be a bit sloppy on this part; at this early stage we can just clean it up with a little black paint if needed. (2) Note, I did not paint the top of the sword or boiler stack. These are the areas where we will be holding the 'jack as we paint it, so there is no need to paint these now. We'll get those areas last.

Next let's move on to shading our base coat. In your paint tray put a couple of drops of Bestial Brown, mix in some Blue & Brown Ink, and then add some water. Mix this until you get a color that will lightly stain the Boltgun Metal. The ratio of paint, ink, and water is up to your taste. Feel free to experiment—learn what happens with different ratios. I like it a bit blue and thin. The more layers of stain it takes to darken the Boltgun, the more subtle the transition of dark to light will be. At this point we should start using our good brushes. In this photo I have applied our stain with one pass. (3)



When applying the stain for shading and for general painting purposes, pretend the sun is overhead so you know where the shading should go. A good and easy trick for this is to hold your miniature up under your painting lamp and BANG! Instant 12 o'clock sun. Look at the mini and see where you need shading and where you will be painting your highlights. Let's utilize this trick during all of our painting steps. Returning to our stain, you will mindfully want to stain the shadows, cracks, and areas around the bolts. (4)

Using our base of Boltgun Metal we will go over the edges, rivets, and raised areas to clean up any excess stain. (5)

Ok. We could stop here (while painting Alexia's armor, I stopped at this stage to give her darker armor), but we're going to continue. Mix 50% Boltgun Metal to 50% Chainmail in a chamber, thin the mixture with a bit of water, and we're ready to paint our highlights. Hold the 'jack up to your light to see where to place your highlights with the 50/50 mix you just made. Paint the hydraulic pistons Mithril Silver to stand out, and then clean up any mess with a little black paint. (6)

Let's talk brush technique again. We are using the paint layering technique, so to get good solid even layers with both stain and paint alike, we need to have the correct amount of paint on our brush when it touches the model. After you dip your brush in the thinned paint, drag your brush across a surface like a paper towel, paint tray edge, plasticard, or even porcelain, (7) until the amount of paint left on your brush will not bleed or bead onto the mini when you finally apply it. It needs to leave the brush in an evenly controlled manner. The flow of paint from the brush is crucial to the layering technique.

Next we will hit up portions of the Nomad with some brass. This is our base coat after 4 light layers of Brazen Brass. (8) Let's shade the brass using the same technique as we used with the Boltgun Metal—we will make a stain with paint, ink, & water. With your old cheap brush put a couple of drops of Scorched Brown in one chamber, and then add Brown Ink & Chestnut Ink. Dip the brush into the ink and then into the paint, then add a bit of water until it appears muddy; this is our stain for the brass. You have to experiment and go for it. With your good brush, little by little mindfully stain into the shadows and cracks. After 6 coats of stain things are shaping up. (9)

If you need to clean things up, go back over any messy brush strokes that might have gotten off track with Brazen Brass. (10)

The first highlight we will apply is a mix of 65% Burnished Gold and 35% Brazen Brass. And finally straight Burnished Gold is used to pick out the highest edges. (11)

With our metals out of the way we can move onto the body of the 'jack. I chose to go with the mercenary green that has been serving me so well. The base coat is Catachan Green. To get this solid base it took 4 thin layers. (12) With the green base coat down, paint a thin straight black line between the green painted parts and the metal. This is called black lining—it helps add separation to the parts so the mini doesn't blend together.

Add a little black to your Catachan Green, thin it with water, drag your brush on your palate, and brush on the darkened green into the shadows and cracks. (13a, 13b)

Utilizing our paint tray once again, we'll mix up our green highlights. Place some Catachan Green in one chamber and Rotting Flesh in another. With the old brush move some Catachan Green into a third chamber, then mix a little bit of Rotting Flesh into this Catachan Green. We are looking for a slightly lighter green than our Catachan Green. Thin the paint as we've been doing, drag your brush, and highlight the edges and raised areas of your Nomad. (14a, 14b)

Over the course of highlighting, slowly add little bits of Rotting Flesh to your mixture to make a lighter and lighter color. I did a total of 5 layers, ending with almost

pure Rotting Flesh on the tips and highest edges. So often it's the last little bit of really bright highlight that finally gets the mini to look its best. Keep in mind it's okay to exaggerate the shadows and highlights.

Use the same technique as before, only this time use black and white in order to bring about the gray shoulder armor. (15)

Now for some character, let's break the ice and tackle something that can seem intimidating even to me: freehand work on the shield. You can never go wrong with fangs. To make this easy and simple, paint the inner portion of the shield black and keep it black. This will make it easy to fix and clean up if needed. With thinned white paint, paint the fangs. Sloppy, isn't it? (16) Now go over with thin black paint and clean them up to straighten any slips. (17) By keeping the paints thin, it allows us to paint and repaint and clean up many times without getting any paint buildup, which in time can prevent any attempt to paint free hand.

At this stage we could just paint the sword and the top of the boiler stack, call it a "nicely painted 'jack", and send him out (18), but oh no, that's not happening! This 'jack was built for war, and I guarantee he'll be put through the grinder and see his fair share of action! Next issue I'll guide you through the process and show you how to use the additions of battle damage & weathering to take your 'jacks to another level.

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Unsung Heroes

Kevin Clark and The Templates of Doom

So I was packing up some Iron Fangs for the motherland when Duncan comes in and asks, "Kevin I've got this idea for the magazine. I want to feature armies and tactics the staff play with; you in?" How could I not be? A chance to share some tricks with the players? I wouldn't miss it. So here I am for what we hope will be the first of many installments. I'll share one of my favorite Protectorate lists with you, and perhaps you'll learn a trick or two to use to burn your friends and neighbors.

The premise of this army is simple: get as many attacks as possible as often as possible. This is not about dropping spells and fancy tricks, it's about eating large parts of your opponent's forces—whole. To do this I give you one 4" AOE and two Spray templates. For fun, a little ashes to ashes action from time to time.

Protectorate of Menoth Army

Grand Scrutator Severius	66
Choir	+2 22
Choir	+2 22
Eirys	29
Paladin	19
Vanquisher	112
Revenger	76
Repenter	76
Repenter	76
Total	**498**

First let's talk about the Grand Scrutator—Severius has a simple job to do in this army—cast Eye of Menoth, give out focus, and stay alive. Sounds like the usual, right? But there is something missing here, casting spells to kill things personally. I have found that this army works very well if you keep the Scrutator in the backfield and use his focus to power his jacks and Eye of Menoth. He can bring down the hammer himself if he needs to, but he's primarily there to keep everyone else doing their jobs.

On to the 'jacks. First, my favorite: the Vanquisher. I love this thing: RNG 9 AOE 4 POW 13, and that's just the gun! Add in Blazing Star with Circular Strike, and it fits the bill for what we need to make this list work. A small piece of advice on the flame belcher—many people are not used to spotting its nine-inch range. Use this to your advantage.

My second favorite 'jack in this army is the Repenter. I can hear the chants of dislike already but trust me people, the Repenter is great if used in the right role. In this list it gives us all the extra attacks we need. With a little help from the boss, it becomes a superstar. The first thing you need is this Eye of Menoth (from Severius) and then Infuse (from a Choir). This gives a +3 to attack and damage rolls which brings his RAT up to 7 and POW up to 15. With the Repenter's lovely spray template, average rolls will hit and kill most troops (and hit and damage almost all jacks) without having to spend any focus. Boosting the damage rolls can consume entire chunks of your opponent's army. Fun, huh?

The big trick to mastering the Repenter is learning how to maximize the number of targets you get. You do this in two ways—movement and

targeting. Plan your movements and think about where your opponent is going and where you want them to be. Flanking is the key. Blasting down the sides of formations will net more hits if you can position well. Use terrain to your advantage and lead your opponent's troops into bottlenecks to clump them (giving you lots of targets) or slow them down to come through a few at a time. When targeting you want to get as many models under that template as possible, which sometimes means targeting something out of range, or your own models (for the CAUSE!). Some may call this cheese, I call it aggression—use all of your tools to destroy your opponent. They are expecting nothing less, so don't disappoint.

There is also a Revenger and its arc node in this list because—lets be honest—not every plan works the way we want it to and you may need a card up your sleeve now and again.

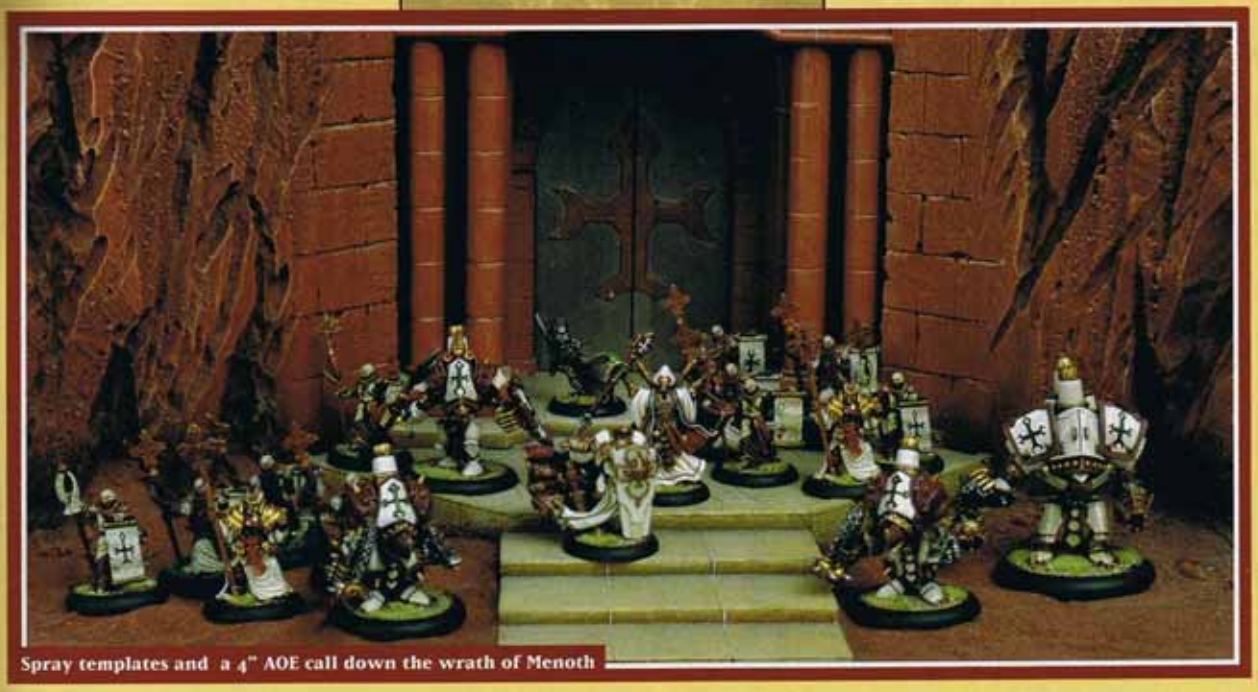
On to the Choir. Most Protectorate players are used to running these guys. My advice is mostly common sense. Since you have two choirs, do not bring the second group up to the fight. Keep them back and out of the line of fire. They need to be kept in reserve since a lot of your ability to hit and deal damage in this army relies on the choirs—be careful with them and they will serve you well.

Last but not least is Eiryss. She has one job in this army—to kill the imposter Eiryss; anything beyond that is gravy. Seriously, she can harass flanks and draw fire, or even go for the classic disruptor bolt trick. She's a deadly extra to keep the opponent's eyes off of your Scrutator and on his own caster.

This is not an easy army to play. You have to be very careful about your movements and possible lines of fire against the Scrutator or you are toast—fast. I enjoy a challenging and unexpected list like this. It keeps me learning and on my toes. If you want to get good at angles and the finesse side of AOEs, this is a great choice.

Let's wrap up with some final advice for this army:

- **Keep your Choir alive and keep them apart from each other.**
- **You do not have a lot of models on the table. Use terrain and the table edge to your advantages so you do not get overrun or flanked.**
- **Choose your targets carefully—don't waste shots on things you don't need to kill. Maximize your AOE effects.**
- **Most of all, move up! Kill! BURN! The heretics will learn the truth of the Lawgiver but only if you play like you've got a pair.**



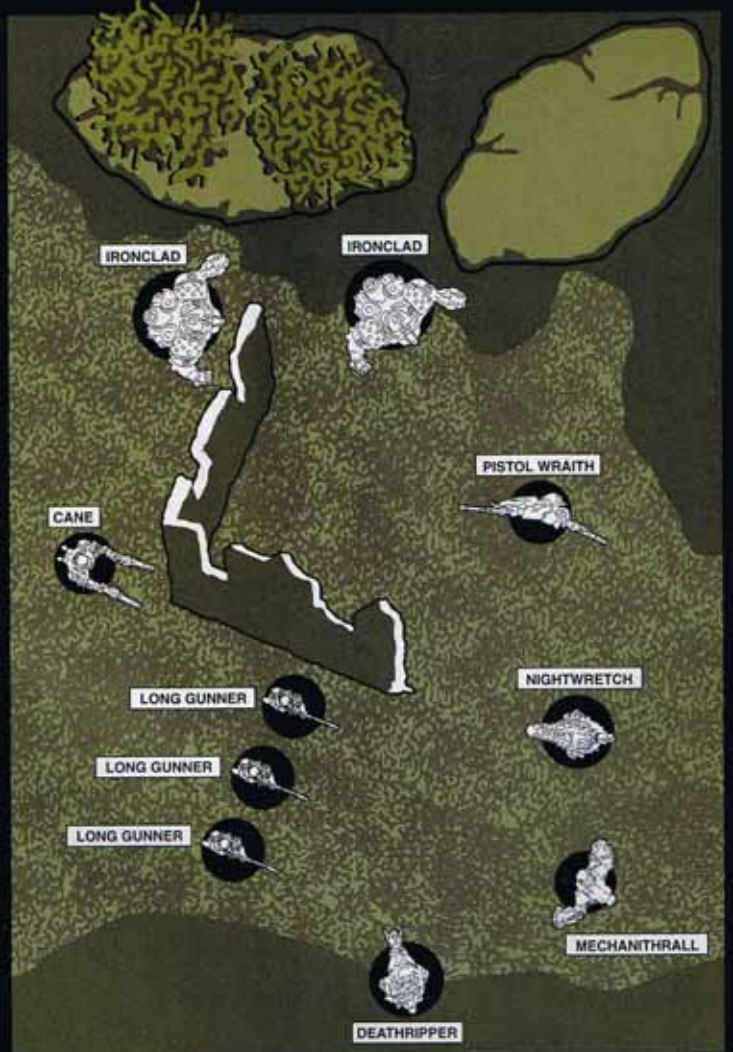
Spray templates and a 4" AOE call down the wrath of Menoth

By Marc Verebely and Chris Bodan

A No-Caster Gambit

Nobody likes to lose, but everyone has those games where you get to the bottom of turn four, you've lost most of your army, all of your remaining 'jacks have damage, and you need to win this turn or lose the game. Try this WARMACHINE brain teaser and see if you can think your way out. Come on. You knew there'd be a quiz. First, see if you can win. Then see if you can do it in style. Use average die rolls to calculate the best course of action, or press your luck and roll it out.

First Challenge: Are you able to kill Caine?



What You'll Need:

CYGNAR
- Lt. Allister Caine
- Two (2) Ironclads
- Three (3) Long Gunners

Cryx
- One (1) Nightwretch
- One (1) Deathripper
- One (1) Pistol Wraith
- One (1) Mechanithrall leader

The Setup:

Caine stands at the bend of an L-shaped building with solid sides three inches long. He has a line of three Long Gunners ahead and just to his right, half way up the wall. One Ironclad waits at the far end of the other wall, exactly 90 degrees to Caine's left, and another stands five inches forward and off to its right. Cain has no focus but does have Blur up on himself.

You are the Cryx player. Your warcaster is not close enough to affect this turn other than by allocating focus. You have only three focus points. A Nightwretch with disabled movement waits nine inches directly in front of Caine with a Mechanithrall leader two inches beside it. A Deathripper is just over ten inches ahead and to the right of Caine, and a Pistol Wraith with one body count token floats 10 inches to Caine's left, obscured by the building.

The Challenge:

Win. We based this scenario on an actual tournament game, and the Cryx player won in four actions. You want a hint, noob? Remember order of operations and to play the averages. It's all or nothing, so don't hedge your bets. Think of it like chess. Can you do it in four actions? In six? Can you even do it at all? Go on, try. We'll wait.

This scenario comes from an actual game at Kublacon 2004

Our Solution:

Caine can't be killed if he did not have Blur. It's nearly impossible to shoot Caine as long as he stays on his feet. You need to knock him down. The Nightwretch gets one focus, and the Deathripper gets the other two. The Nightwretch forfeits movement to get +3, shoots the middle Long Gunner, and boosts the hit. The 3" AOE turns them all into worm food. Next the Mechanithrall leader moves himself the rest center to end up within an inch of Caine. The Deathripper spends one focus to slam the Mechanithrall in the back arc, boosts the attack to make sure the pulped remains hit Caine, and knocks him down. The Pistol Wraith then leisurely drifts down so it has line of sight between the corpse and the buildings on Caine's left. It stays clear of the Deathripper to avoid getting engaged, and it shoots the warcaster to death using the body count token taken to boost damage. On average rolls, Caine dies very close.

Developed by Matt Wilson, Rob Stoddard & Jason Soles
Written by Doug Seacat
Art by Brian Snoddy & Mark Gibbons

WARMACHINE

SUPERIORITY

STORMING INTO YOUR LOCAL GAMING STORE, SUMMER 2006.

Premier Mhikol Horscze
Stasikov Palace, High Kommand, Korsk

There has been an incident. A blackship was sighted east of Sailor's Lament. Four of our vessels gave pursuit. The blackship was sunk, but unloaded Cryxians to ravage a small fishing village called Pholvish. Our men arrived too late—the village was slaughtered to the last woman and child. Priests confirm their souls were taken. We have kept this ghoulish fact from their kinsmen. I believe Pholvish to be incidental; the Cryxians were intercepted making for Lord Khazarak's Tomb. One of the hellish constructs was destroyed and recovered. I saw the aftermath with my own eyes, and it will haunt my nightmares. I do not know if anything can be done for the lost souls, and Cryxian interest in that sacred tomb is a mystery. It cannot bode well—

—Bolshik Marshall Ustinov, Port Vladovar

...No training could have prepared us. I didn't know what they were until after—to me they were an unstoppable wall of Khadoran red charging through the breech. Encased in their thick armor they did not look human, swinging enormous hammers that glowed silver-blue and froze the air as they passed. I saw my friends tossed aside like dolls, shattered and broken heedless of the armor they had thought would protect their lives. I would like to relate we fought valiantly, and took many of them before they crushed us, but this would be a lie. We could not hold them any more than a child can stop a bull. It shames me but I am relieved to have survived this encounter with Khador's famed Demolition Corps, when most of my friends did not.

—Fragment of an unsent letter by a survivor of Redwall Fortress to his wife

Visgoth Ark Razek, Imer

Your humble servant is pleased to relate that your machines have performed gloriously, praise the Creator! Flameguard, exemplars and paladins held firm against a massive advance on the Great Temple. Spirits were uplifted when three Castigators arrived along the northern processional, incinerating a line of Caspian knights and bringing ruin to all who opposed them. Pelted with firebombs and skyhammer rockets from the roof of the Remembrance, the Caspians routed! Visgoth Rhoven's prayers ensure the winds send the fires to the infidels, leaving our sacred buildings untouched. Ultimate victory shall be ours, in service of the Hierarch, all glory to Menoth.

—High Exemplar Scarle Villius of Sul

Lord Garrett Talbot, Commander of Fort Falk

URGENT

The fight in Sul goes poorly since the breach—fighting street to street, house to house, it's bloody work. The Menite dogs are dug in and none of our maps are accurate past the western quarters. Improvised blockades funnel our boys into ambush chokepoints. Despite this trouble and against my advice, the King insists on sending a full Stormguard company to reinforce Northguard. Be prepared to receive three ships along the Black River bringing these vital personnel. They will require resupply for their journey north. Speak to no junior personnel of troubles in Sul. Keep their minds on the northern front.

—Scout General Bolden Rebald,
High Chancellor of the Royal Assembly, Caspia

STORMGUARD

CYGNAR UNIT

"When we rushed for the kill, a wall of halberds marched from the smoke to intercept. We were holding our own until our formation exploded in a flash of lightning and deafening thunder."

—Iron Fang survivor of a border skirmish near Fellig

The Stormguard march to war, darkening the air around them with the promise of an electrical reckoning. Each is a master of the Voltaic Halberd, a mechanikal polearm constructed to hack through flesh and steel while torrents of lightning strike deep into the ranks of the enemy. Every halberd strike charges their sergeant's Nexus Generator, a weapon of voltaic wrath. This generator hums with accumulated power, filling the air with the smell of ozone, and sends tongues of lightning across the armor of his gathered soldiers. The coiled potential can be unleashed in a lightning strike to blast apart enemy formations.

Stormguard endure grueling training, sent to Fort Falk for endless formation drills under the oversight of lightning-scarred sergeants. Each Stormguard knows his life depends on the men next to him, and they fight as one. The long lightning-coiled Voltaic Halberds allow two solid ranks of stormguard to punish the enemy with an onslaught of strikes. The Stormguard is deployed to hold strategic positions or shore up exposed flanks, carving apart anything foolish enough to stand in their way.

Like their brothers in arms, the Stormblades, these hardened men are living symbols of Cygnaran advances in the science of war. King Leto trusts his own safety to their protection and has recently ordered more of their number to take to the front lines. Sight of the Stormguard inspires the common soldiers and reminds them of their king's admiration and support.

SERGEANT				CMD	8
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	6	8	5	13	15
GUARD				**CMD**	**6**
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	6	7	4	13	15

NEXUS GENERATOR			
	Special	POW	P+S
	Multi	8	14

VOLTAIC HALBERD			
	Special	POW	P+S
	Multi	6	12

Field Allowance	2
Leader and 5 Troops	68
Up to 4 Additional Troops	10ea
Victory Points	2

Base Size: Small

SPECIAL RULES

SERGEANT

LEADER

UNIT

COMBINED MELEE ATTACK – Instead of making melee attacks separately, two or more Stormguards in melee range of the same target may combine their attacks. The Stormguard with the highest MAT in the attacking group makes one melee attack roll for the group and gains +1 to the attack and damage rolls for each Stormguard, including himself, participating in the attack.

FEARLESS – A Stormguard unit never flees.

RANKED ATTACK – A Stormguard may make a melee attack through intervening Stormguard models in the same unit.

NEXUS GENERATOR

ELECTRIC DISCHARGE – After all models in the Stormguard unit have completed their melee attacks, the Sergeant may make one Electric Discharge ranged attack if he is not engaged. The Electric Discharge attack has RNG 6", AOE 3, and POW 6 Add +1 RNG and POW for each model in the unit in open formation with the Sergeant who made or participated in a successful melee attack during this activation, including the Sergeant. Friendly Stormguard in the AOE never suffer damage from an Electric Discharge attack.

ELECTRO LEAP – After a successful Nexus Generator melee attack, lightning may arced to the closest non-Stormguard model within 4". The model suffers a POW 10 damage roll.

REACH – 2" melee range.

SET DEFENSE – The Sergeant gains +2 DEF against charge and slam attacks originating from his front arc.

VOLTAIC HALBERD

ELECTRO LEAP – After a successful Voltaic Halberd melee attack, lightning may be added to the closest non-Stormguard model within 4". The model suffers a POW 10 damage roll.

REACH – 2" melee range.

SET DEFENSE – The Stormguard gains +2 DEF against charge and slam attacks originating from his front arc.

MAN-O-WAR DEMOLITION CORPS

KHADOR UNIT

"Jarvin raised his shield in time to block the hammer's blow, but both shield and helm exploded in a thousand frozen pieces. It was a small mercy not to send his remains to his family."

– Captain Fend Hawkwood of the Cygnaran Sword Knights, on an encounter with the Corps

KAPITAN				CMD	9
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
4	9	8	4	11	16
DEMOLISHER				**CMD**	**7**
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
4	9	7	4	11	16

ICE MAUL			
	Special	POW	P+S
	Multi	5	14

Kapitan's Damage	10
Trooper's Damage	8
Demolisher's Damage	2
Leader and 5 Troops	54
Up to 4 Additional Troops	16ea
Victory Points	3

Base Size: Medium

The steam-powered wrecking crew known as the Demolition Corps is the premier front line fighting unit in the Khadoran Army. Each member of the Corps wields an enormous mechanikally enhanced Ice Maul innovated by the Rigevnya Complex in Korsk. These mauls shimmer with super-cooled air and are able to flash-freeze metal or flesh in the instant before impact. Armor becomes brittle and shatters into lacerating shrapnel when the Man-O-War brings the hammer down. Leveraging ogrun-like strength along long hafts, the mauls can cripple a warjack or explode even the thickest stone to dust in a few precise strikes. Few men can survive a direct impact; even a glancing blow causes frost burn and splintered bone.

When Man-O-War armor was first developed, the High Kommand intended to prove that the subtleties of siege warfare could be solved with the brute force embodied by these living steamjacks. Every soldier volunteering to join the Corps is required to pass a grueling obstacle course nicknamed "the crusher"—a three-day test of endurance, discipline, and strength. It is said those who emerge successfully from this ordeal are transformed. Some deem the members of the Corps half-mad not only for braving the dangerous Man-O-War armor, but also because they are sent first against the toughest areas of enemy opposition.

When the Corps is unleashed, they charge across the battlefield and rely on their armor to shrug off enemy fire and close with the enemy. Hammers at the ready, they pound warjacks to scrap, annihilate lesser soldiers, and shatter perimeter walls. The only men who can fully understand the Corps are others who wear the steam-powered armor. Theirs is a brotherhood of discipline and courage—soldiers who transform into an unstoppable force on the battlefield.

SPECIAL RULES

KAPITAN
LEADER

UNIT
FEARLESS – A Man-O-War Demolisher unit never flees.

ICE MAUL
BACK SWING (★ATTACK) – The Man-O-War Demolisher may immediately make two melee attacks.

ICE BREAKER (★ATTACK) – The Man-O-War Demolisher makes one melee attack. If the attack succeeds, roll an additional die on the damage roll. Double the number of damage points a structure takes from an Ice Breaker attack.

Reach – 2" melee range.

HARROWER

CRYX HELLJACK

"Tremendous agony during death throes exponentially amplifies the power we can harness from an extracted soul."

—Attributed to Lich Lord Daeanorrus

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	12	5	4	12	18

MORTIFIER	RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
LEFT	12	1	3	12

PERISHER	Special	POW	P+S
RIGHT	Multi	4	16

DAMAGE GRID	1	2	3	4	5	6
SYSTEMS						
Left Arm (L)						
Right Arm (R)		L			R	
Cortex (C)	L	L	M	C	R	R
Movement (M)		M	M	C	C	

Point Cost	125
Field Allowance	U
Victory Points	3

Base Size: Large

Announcing its presence with the ear-splitting shriek of its Mortifier cannon, the Harrower has been sent forth from Cryx like a fever-twisted delusion. There is no clean death in the Harrower's wake. Those cut down by its scything Perisher claw suffer unspeakable agony as they die, but then they endure a fate worse than death as their immortal soul is spun loose, harvested, and added as fuel to the Cryxian arsenal.

Built on similar principles as the Leviathan, Harrowers are sent on frequent coastal raids to strike unseen from the depths to fill their diminutive soul cages and bring this tainted bounty back to Lord Toruk's necromancers. The Harrower exploits the necromantic principle that the power of a captive soul is proportional to the torment its victim suffers in death. The Harrower's many gold-runed and necrotite-lined soul cages serve a double role as shells for the Mortifier, its ghastly necrotech cannon. Once flesh is rent, the victim's soul is torn loose and injected into these shells while it thrashes futilely against its containment.

The Mortifier launches these shells with a high-pitched grating shriek, and its sound haunts the nightmares of any who hear it but once. As the tormented soul within lashes at its cage, its agony pulls the metal temporarily into the spirit realm—to mortal eyes the shell becomes a sickly blur passing through anything in its path. It solidifies only on impact with its intended target and shreds metal or flesh as the soul is instantly consumed in a necromantic implosion. Wounds left by these weapons—on the rare occasion the victim does not die outright—are notoriously slow to heal and prone to tainted infection. It is a chilling remnant of the vile process by which the imprisoned soul is obliterated.

SPECIAL RULES

HARROWER

ALL TERRAIN – The Harrower ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles. The Harrower may charge or slam across rough terrain.

AMPHIBIOUS – The Harrower's furnace is not extinguished if it moves into deep water. The Harrower may move through deep and shallow water without penalty. While completely within deep water, the Harrower cannot make ranged attacks or be targeted by ranged or magic attacks.

SPIDER LEGS – The Harrower cannot be knocked down.

MORTIFIER

WRAITH SHOT (★ATTACK) – The Harrower may spend a soul token to make a Wraith Shot ranged attack. The Wraith Shot attack ignores intervening models when determining LOS and gains boosted attack and damage rolls. When the Harrower makes a Wraith Shot, models/units in the AOE must pass a command check or flee.

PERISHER

EXTRACTOR – The Harrower gains a soul token each time it destroys a living model with the Perisher. The Harrower may have a maximum of three soul tokens at any time.

FIST – The Harrower's Perisher has the abilities of an Open Fist.

REACH – 2" melee range.

SCYTHE (★ATTACK) – The Harrower may make one melee attack with its Perisher against every model within melee range in its front arc. Completely resolve each attack individually and apply the targets' special rules immediately as each attack is resolved. Determine damage normally.

CASTIGATOR

PROTECTORATE HEAVY WARJACK

"The True Law tells us there is no pain unbearable in the cause of Menoth. The Castigator will engulf any who have refused that law with a cleansing shroud of fire."

—Visgoth Ark Razek, overseeing the Sul-Menite Artificers

The fires in the foundries of Imer never dim. The Hierarch demands tireless devotion from his armories, and he knows they must match the pace of larger nations. Voyle has unleashed the Castigator based on the same heavily armored chassis as the Reckoner—the first warjack entirely of Protectorate design. Known to few outside the Vassals of Menoth, the Castigator was actually conceived before the Reckoner, but problems with its fire-delivery system delayed its unveiling. Visgoth Ark Razek deemed the setback an unacceptable failing. By his displeasure, every mechanik on the project was wracked within a breath of death before they were restored and put back to work with renewed and terrified determination. Miraculously the problems were resolved almost immediately.

The Castigator's fists blaze continually in combat, and the intense heat sends rippling waves of distortion through the air as the warjack charges to engage. Each fist is equipped with a sophisticated delivery system for Menoth's Fury, which is compressed and piped into direct contact with the ignition heat of the warjack's powerful furnace. When it secures a hold on another warjack, it can emit this blazing heat and cause steam boilers to overheat. Under the intense heat other internal systems warp and buckle, lose integrity, and remain vulnerable to critical failure when driven to exertion. If beset by multiple foes, the Castigator ignites the air around itself in a powerful explosion of incinerating heat that instantly turns living flesh to fine ash and melts iron.

One major advantage of the Castigator is the ease with which it is rearmed on distant fields of battle. Unlike the specially machined shells of the Reckoner's Condemner cannon, the Castigator needs only a fresh supply of Menoth's Fury to be ready to fight again. It has been sent forth to the front lines to bring the wrath of an inferno to all those who have forsaken the Creator of Man.

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	11	5	4	10	19

	FLAME FIST	Special	POW	P+S
LEFT		Multi	4	15

	FLAME FIST	Special	POW	P+S
RIGHT		Multi	4	15

DAMAGE GRID	1	2	3	4	5	6
SYSTEMS						
Left Arm (L)						
Right Arm (R)		L			R	
Cortex (C)	L	L	M	C	R	R
Movement (M)		M	M	C	C	

Point Cost	108
Field Allowance	U
Victory Points	3

Base Size: Large

SPECIAL RULES

CASTIGATOR

COMBUSTION (★ATTACK) – Models within 1" of the Castigator suffers a POW 12 damage roll. A model moving into within 1" of the Castigator and/or ending its movement within 1" of the Castigator suffers an unboostable POW 12 damage roll. The Castigator may spend focus points to make additional melee attacks after a Combustion attack. Combustion lasts for one round.

FLAME FISTS

CHAIN ATTACK – OVERHEAT – If the Castigator has both arms systems functional and hits with both of its initial Flame Fist attacks against the same warjack in the same activation, after resolving the attacks it may immediately make an additional melee attack against the target. If the attack succeeds, the target takes no damage but suffers Overheat. A warjack suffering from Overheat takes d6 damage points each time it spends a focus point. Overheat lasts for one round.

FIRE – Target model hit by a Flame Fist attack suffers Fire. Fire is a continuous effect that sets the target ablaze. A model on fire suffers a POW 12 damage roll each turn during its controller's Maintenance Phase until the Fire expires on a d6 roll of 1 or 2. Fire effects are alchemical substances or magical in nature and are not affected by water.

FIST – The Castigator's Flame Fists have the abilities of an Open Fist.

Narrative by Doug Seacat • Scenario by Chad Huffman & Rob Stoddard • Art by Chippy

ZERO TOLERANCE

The two Widowmakers dismounted their horses as instructed by the grim sentry who waved them on. These men were nervous, for the hour was late and they brought unwelcome news. The outpost seemed unnaturally still. It was as though a pall had settled over this region, and all memory of cheer was driven away.

This was quite a contrast from other outlying camps and townships the Khadoran snipers had visited recently. The taste of victory was sweet, and many superior officers had given their men a reprieve. Boxes of finer wines than most Khadorans would ever see, spiced meat, and many other luxuries unknown in the Motherland had filtered down to those who knew who to ask or where to go. The problem of discipline had prompted Queen Ayn to pass a decree requiring officers to suffer no tolerance of corruption among the subjugated Llaelese. Most took this order with a wink and a nod though, for they beleived their men must enjoy victory.

This camp felt different, and the Widowmakers knew well the reason. Here they found perfect discipline and silence. One man whispered to the other, "I do not think this is a good idea, Pytor."

"He would want to know. We must tell him."

"What harm, keeping silent? Do we want to get in the middle of this?"

Pytor glared at his peer, "Far worse to have known and not reported it."

"We were not involved, we just witnessed. Do we want to wake him?"

"They say he doesn't sleep. Now be silent." The sergeant standing watch outside the officer's tent gave them a pitying look as if they had just volunteered to charge the cannons at Northguard. He opened the flap and waved them inside.

Kommander Orsus Zoktavir waited glowering like some ancient warlord. His eyes flickered with inner fire although it may have been a trick of the lantern. It was clear they had not awoken him, for his bunk was undisturbed, but he wore only undergarments and a red robe. Even so, Orsus was a huge man with an imposing presence, and the snipers were fearful at having disturbed him. His armor stood just behind him and to his left like some gigantic bodyguard looming in the shadows. The haft of his axe was leaning against a nearby table strewn with an assortment of battle maps. Both of the Widowmakers eyed the weapon with dread and noted it was within easy reach.

He waited for them, but not patiently. Even standing still

Orsus was like a coiled spring or a cocked rifle with his fists clenched and his jaw muscles strained.

Pytor spoke, stammering, "Kommander, we came here since we thought you would want to know. There has been... an incident. At a village a few miles west of Greywind Tower."

Orsus leaned forward expectantly with all of his attention directed at the squirming sniper. His expression had changed from dour and brooding to hunger. Orsus had been ordered to stand down by Kommandant Ivdanovich in Merywyn and was required to give his men a slight reprieve from fighting. Orsus might have disobeyed this direct order had not the Queen sent him a personal request to make things easier for the Kommandant. It had been a test the likes of which he had never endured—sitting idly at this outpost, away from the front, seething with resentment as his countrymen bled and killed.

What his Kommandant did not understand was that ordering Orsus to stand down did not provide him relief. It only added to his strain. His eyes were red, his mind churning, and his men sensed he was ready to explode. Several had died in the last several days to "disciplinary measures" for what most would call minor infractions.

The Butcher looked at the Widowmakers with an intensity that frightened them both. Pytor wondered if he should have listened to his friend. "What incident?" Orsus growled.

"We arrived once it was already out of hand..."

Orsus snarled, "Out with it!"

"I don't know how many innocents were killed. A number of the village men must have tried to stop it; they were shot outside the town hall. We went to check inside and saw they had gathered up the women. I don't know whose idea it was. There were many empty crates of wine—all of the Winter Guard was drunk." He seemed to be having difficulty saying aloud what horrors he had seen, but it did not require much imagination. "The women screamed for help, but the drunkards just laughed and kept passing them around. I saw several bled out and tossed aside like refuse. When I saw there were officers there, I didn't know what to do. We left immediately to tell you."

Pytor's voice faded to nothing as he looked at the expression on the Butcher's face. Every muscle in his body was clenched, and his lips were pulled back in a snarling rictus. His hand gripped Lola's haft. "WHERE?"

Although his legs were trembling and it took every ounce of courage he possessed, Pytor approached the table. His fingers were shaking terribly as he found a map of the nearby region. His jittery finger indicated a small dot representing a nameless village. "Just a f-few hours m-march..."

"LEAVE ME!" Orsus bellowed. He was already turning to his armor and beginning to strap the pieces on. The Widowmakers needed no further prompting and fled the room as fast as their legs could take them.

Orsus strode across the compound to a penned enclosure. Near the pen stood a hulking, battle-scarred Kodiak. On the Butcher's orders it had been kept fired up at a low idling rumble. Llael had coal to spare—he saw no need to power down his 'jacks when fighting might happen at any time. The Kodiak's head turned to follow him as Orsus approached, picking up on the warcaster's anger across the link they shared.

The Doom Reavers within the enclosure stood as he approached; their faces were hidden behind the iron grills of their closed helmets. There was one standing apart from the rest, a great bare-chested, tattooed brute who stood among them like a wolf among wild dogs. This was Fenris, a legend among the Reavers and a mad berserker so fierce no officers were willing to risk his presence. Fenris had been summoned at the Butcher's request after hearing the High Kommand had debated having him executed as a safety precaution. None but Orsus Zoktavir could contain him, but he seemed to view the Butcher with some semblance of kinship. Orsus saw Fenris as too great a weapon to destroy even if almost too dangerous to wield. That Doom Reaver leaned now on the hilt of his enormous cursed blade. His posture suggested he had expected Orsus.

"Fenris, are you ready to fight?"

The Reaver needed not reply. He gave a feral grin, and his eyes were intense and black as pitch. The litany of his victims would have taken hours to relate.

Orsus spoke again. "We have traitors to wake."

The Butcher of Khardov has caught wind of an atrocity committed by Khadoran soldiers against the direct orders of the Queen. Though some officers would demand that the offending troops resign their commissions, Orsus requires that they forfeit their lives. As he storms into their camp with a hastily-assembled group of loyal troops, the surprised soldiers come spilling from their bivouacs and hastily attempt to mount some sort of defense against the bloodthirsty assault.

Attacker Army Composition

- The Butcher of Khardov
- Doom Reaver unit with 1 Lieutenant and 5 Troopers
- Kodiak

Defender Army Composition

- 2 Iron Fang Pikemen units each with 1 Sergeant and 5 Troopers
- 2 Winter Guard units, each with 1 Sergeant and 9 Troopers
- Man-O-War Shocktrooper unit with 1 Kapitan and 2 Troopers
- Man-O-War Kovnik
- 2 Heavy Warjacks (Destroyers or Juggernauts)

Special Rules and Set Up

See the map. Players take turns each placing three (3) 4" x 6" tent terrain features within the defender's deployment zone. Tents cannot be placed within 6" of another tent or table edge. Tents have ARM 14 and can take 10 damage points before being destroyed. See Damaging and Destroying Structures, WARMACHINE: Prime, pg. 62 for details.

Players then take turns each placing another three terrain features anywhere on the table. Terrain features cannot be placed within 3" of another terrain feature or table edge.

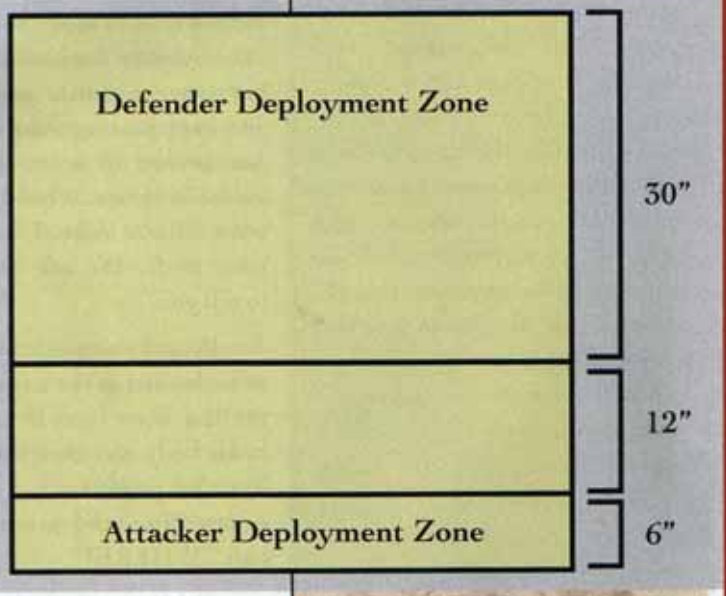
The tents contain the bulk of the defender's forces. Only the defender's warjacks are deployed before the start of the game.

When the Butcher casts Howl or any model makes an attack within 8" of a tent, its occupants will be alerted and deployed during the defender's next Maintenance Phase. During that Maintenance Phase, the defender must choose to deploy either the Kovnik or a unit. Obviously, the defender cannot choose to deploy a unit or model that has already been deployed. Deployed models must be placed within 3" of their tent, and units must be placed in skirmish formation. Deployed models may activate this turn but must forfeit their movement or action.

Neither of the defender's warjacks can activate until the Kovnik is deployed or an attack is made within 8" of a warjack. Only the warjack within 8" of the attacking model may activate.

Damaging Tents

Attentive players may note that a ranged attack with a POW lower than 14 cannot hurt the tents. Now before anyone cries, "What do you mean I can't blow a hole through tent canvas with the Butcher's blunderbuss!?!", we'd like to point out you can... It just doesn't do anything to the structural integrity of the tent. Are we on the same page? Good.



Beginning

The defender deploys his two (2) warjacks within 3" of any tent. The warjacks do not need to be placed next to the same tent. The rest of the defender's models are not deployed before the start of the game.

The attacker then deploys his models and takes the first turn.

Victory Conditions

The attacker wins if all the defender's models have been destroyed, disabled, or removed from play.

The defender wins if the Butcher of Khardov is destroyed.

Narrative by Doug Seacat • Scenario by Chad Huffman & Rob Stoddard • Art by Brian Snoddy

TRAITOR'S AMBUSH

Sending Boomhowler and his trollkin anywhere near a big city like Corvis was a risk since they were liable to find some tavern and never emerge. Their "employer" did not like to leave them to their own devices for long. He was a small and shifty-eyed man with an Ordic accent, but he was dressed like a Llaelese fop. This worthy paced impatiently in the public room inspecting an ornate pocket watch and swearing under his breath.

He almost jumped out of his skin when someone spoke softly in his ear. "They won't be making their appointment, I'm afraid. You're going to take us instead."

The fop spun and found himself face to face with a thin blond man in dark attire with a long scar across the bridge of his long and sharp nose. It gave him a resemblance to a bird of prey. "Excuse me?" He saw he was surrounded by an assortment of seedy looking men wearing grim expressions. None had drawn weapons, but several had fingers resting on blade hilts.

The blond man grinned at him, but there was nothing but malice in his smile—it did not touch his eyes. He held out a half-gloved hand. "Pleased to make your acquaintance, my name is Jarok Croe. When do we leave?"

"I don't know you. Do you want me to call the—"

"Watch?" Croe finished the sentence. "Like that one?" He jerked his head to indicate one of the Corvis city watch seated at the other side of the tavern drinking ale and deliberately looking the other way. "Save your breath."

"What is this about? I'm connected to—"

"The Syndicate? Yes, so am I. Listen closely, I know about your meeting. You will be taking me and my men, not Greygore. He and his crew are... indisposed. A rather severe case of food poisoning."

"You can't poison trollkin..."

Croe waved his finger in negation. "You are very much mistaken. They'll be fine in the morning. Now, take us to your meeting."

"He'll kill us both!" The fop protested, looking miserable.

"There is always that risk." Croe agreed amiably. "Now, shall we? Or do you want to make things... messy?"

The fop's tavern had been a dive squirreled away right inside the south gate, so it was easy to exit the city in a carriage without drawing any attention and make their way along the King's Highway. After several hours of travel, the armored carriage pulled over and Croe's escort was allowed to tumble out and stretch their legs.

A hulking armored form stepped out from the shadows. His posture was hunched, and the hilt of an oversized sword jutted from above his shoulder. He rapidly unlimbered the broad-snout scattergun from his back and leveled it at the man next to the fop. "Croe! Where's Boomhowler?"

"You've got the wrong man, Magnus. I'm Croe." Jarok

stepped out from the shadows of a tree nearby. His pistol Hiss was already drawn and pointed at the warcaster, but his posture was casual. "No offense taken. It is an honest mistake."

Magnus scowled at the man under his rifle. The man he mistook for Croe was taller, had broader shoulders, and his face was shadowed under a wide brimmed cap. "I'd like to know how you manage that." Giving Croe a look of scornful disregard, Magnus slung his rifle around again to his back.

Jarok gave another oily smile, and his pistol spun and vanished back into his holster. "Trade secrets—we all have them. I'm your replacement for the evening."

Magnus folded his arms and stared at Croe. "This isn't Syndicate business. Turn around now and I'll let you live." As if this statement had been addressed to him, the fop guide made a rapid exit.

Croe knew better than to test the warcaster's patience. "We're both wanted men here. I came at considerable risk, and I offer fair rates. You need extra muscle tonight; my services are yours."

"My life's in peril every minute I spend south of the Dragon's Tongue. I trust neither you nor your men."

Croe spread his hands and offered a slight bow in an attempt to appear humble. "Had I wished to claim your reward I could have done so already. I enjoy slitting the throats of Cygnaran officers as much as you do. I was given to understand this is a time sensitive operation." He saw the look in Magnus' eyes and realized just how close he was to death. Some of his confidence vanished. "I realize I have inconvenienced you—I'll accept only half of what you intended to give Boomhowler. Consider this a test for future use of our services."

Magnus' expression was still angry, but his posture relaxed slightly. "You'll accept whatever scraps I see fit to give you. There's a secret convoy heading out of Corvis tonight on its way to Fort Falk. They should be here within the hour."

"What kind of convoy, if I may ask?"

Magnus grudgingly answered. "Stormblades, maybe a journeyman or two. One is reputed to be some rising star in the eyes of Duke Ebonhart. A pretty face in need of seasoning."

Croe's expression was calculating. "It surprises me you would risk capture so close to Corvis for a couple of journeymen."

"They're guarding what I need."

After a tense pause, Magnus added, "They're escorting an inquisitor to Fort Falk for questioning. That's not going to happen."

"I thought they were all free already and set upon the Menites."

Magnus' scowl deepened. "Apparently your sources were mistaken. Ask me no more."

Croe had no wish to antagonize Magnus further. "Of course. Dead as good as alive?"

"I need him alive. If he's to die, it'll be my hands. Remember that—leave the prisoner to me, but anyone else is a fair target."

The cutthroat smiled at this instruction. "Certainly. You know my reputation."

"There's an abandoned barn on the west side of the road just north of here. I've got a few 'jacks fueled and stowed there. You wait in ambush here among the trees." He pointed to the road where it curved below at the base of the hill. "I'll come up from behind as you engage."

"Any escape contingencies?" Croe asked casually as if the topic were of passing curiosity.

"I'm making east for Ternon Crag once I get the prisoner. You'll be on your own."

Croe gave another of his empty smiles. "Ternon Crag... I've always wanted to visit. I heard there may be opportunities in that direction for men such as ourselves."

Magnus stared at Croe good and hard once more as if taking him seriously for the first time. "There may be. I can't make any guarantees. Let's see how tonight goes."

Jarok Croe inclined his head respectfully and then stepped back into the shadows. He seemed almost to vanish before Magnus' eyes. His men did likewise and left the warcaster apparently alone. Still scowling, Magnus turned on a jack-booted heel and strode away while pondering the invectives he would hurl at Boomhowler the next time they met.

Magnus has managed to learn the location of a former Inquisitor in possession of information of great importance to the right people. He has recruited Jarok Croe and his Cutthroats to help him ambush a prison caravan taking the Inquisitor to Fort Falk for "debriefing." The attack will be no simple raid, however. A number of Lord Commander Stryker's most trusted troops are escorting the prisoner, with strict instructions that he is not to be allowed to escape. After a Renegade Obliterator shell suddenly blew the horses pulling the wagon apart, Cygnaran forces hastily lash the wagon to the Defender and take action to keep the prisoner from falling into Magnus' bands.

Mercenary Army Composition

- Magnus the Traitor
- Renegade Light Warjack
- Talon Light Warjack
- Mangler Heavy Warjack
- Croe's Cutthroats unit with Croe and 5 Cutthroats

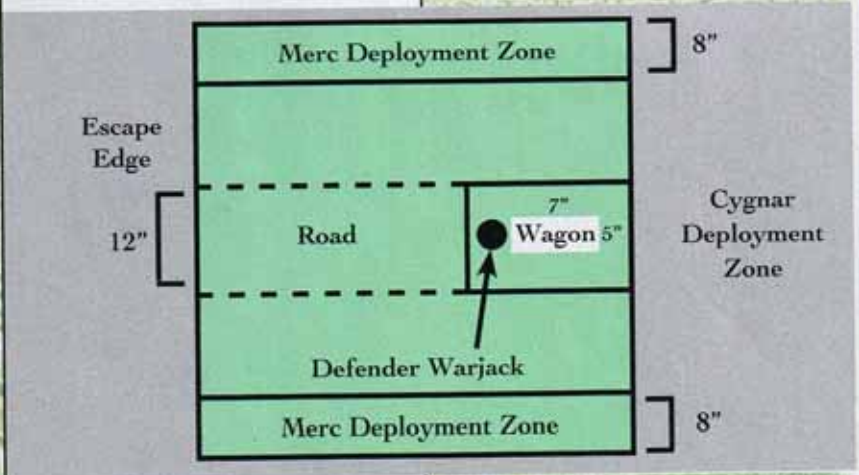
Cygnar Army Composition

- Journeyman Warcaster
- Charger Light Warjack
- Defender Heavy Warjack Warjack
- Stormblade unit with 1 Sergeant and 5 Knights
- Stormblade Unit Attachment with 1 Lieutentant and 1 Standard Bearer
- Long Gunners unit with 1 Sergeant and 5 gunners
- Field Mechaniks unit with 1 Crew Chief and 5 Gobber Bodgers

Special Rules

See the map. A road runs through the center 12" of the table from the rear of the Cygnar player's deployment zone to the Escape Edge.

The Defender is towing the prison 4" x 6" wagon. The prison wagon is an obstruction that cannot be damaged. As the Defender moves the wagon remains in base contact in its back arc. The Defender may run while towing the wagon, but it may not charge. Neither the Defender nor the wagon can leave the road for any reason.



The Cygnar player must get the wagon and its prisoner to safety by exiting the table by the Escape Edge. Only the Defender may exit the table by the Escape Edge. If the Defender crosses a table edge while towing the wagon, the Defender and the prison wagon leave play and the Cygnar player wins the game.

The Stormblades in this scenario are part of Lord Commander Stryker's Elite Cadre. Despite the Lord Commander being elsewhere, all Stormblade models gain +1 MAT, RAT, and CMD. Before the start of the game, after both players have deployed, Stormblade models may move up to their SPD in inches.

The Mercenary player's Renegade fired his Obliterator during an opening salvo on the Cygnaran forces. It cannot be fired again this scenario.

Set Up

Players take turns each placing three (3) terrain features. No terrain can be placed on the road or within the Cygnar deployment zone. Terrain cannot be placed within 3" of another terrain feature, including the road. Terrain features may be placed on hills.

Beginning

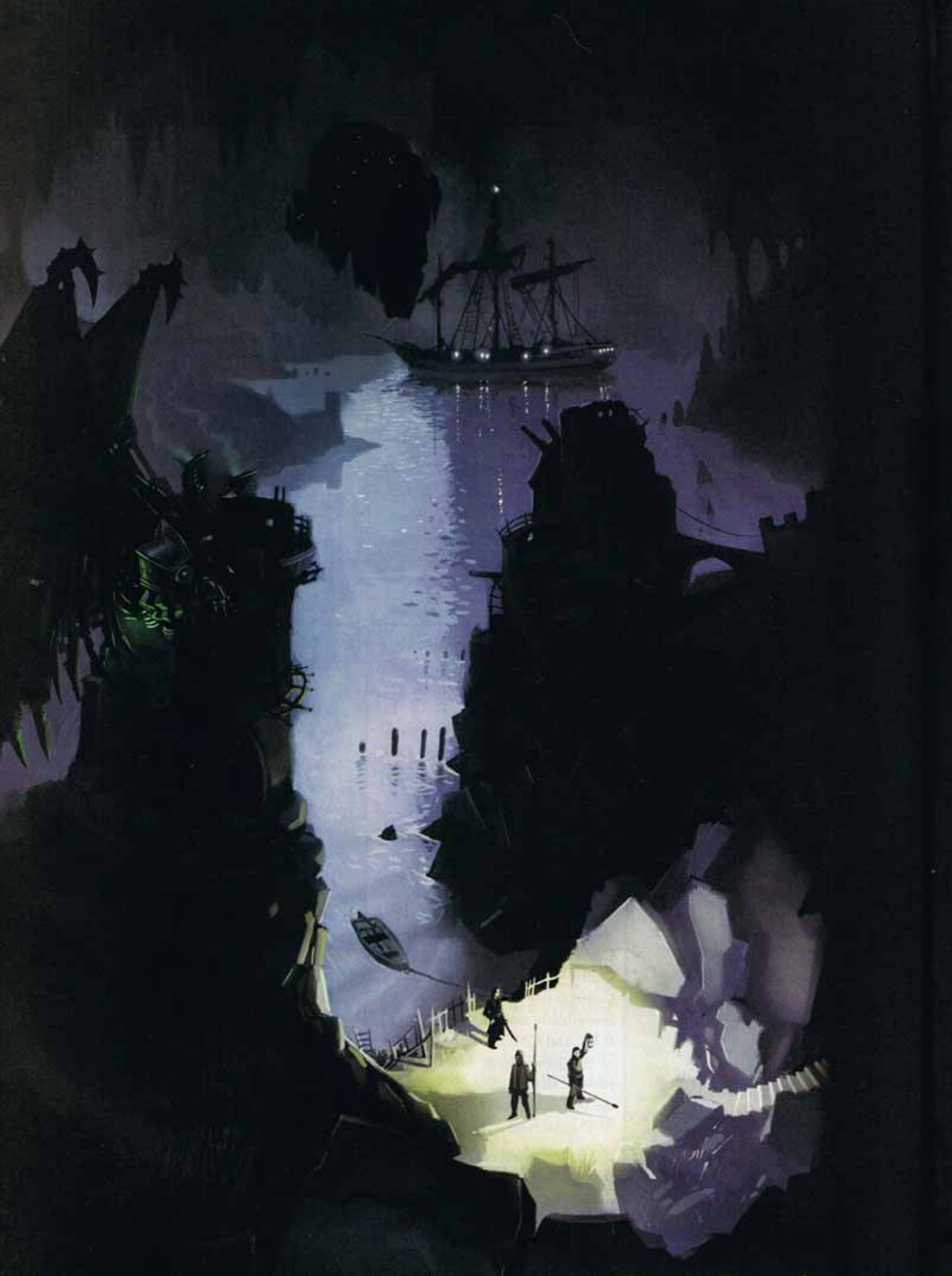
The Cygnar player deploys first, beginning with placing the Defender. The Defender must be placed on the road touching the front edge of the Cygnar player's deployment zone, facing the Escape Edge. The wagon is then placed in base contact with the Defender's back arc. The Cygnar player then places the rest of his models.

The Mercenary player then deploys his models and takes the first turn.

Victory Conditions

The Cygnar player wins if the Defender and prison wagon leave the table by Escape Edge.

The Mercenary player wins if the Defender is totaled.



Written by Doug Seacat • Art by Chippy and Brian Snoddy

BETTER LEFT FORGOTTEN

HISTORY OF THE WITCHFIRE

591 AR, during the reign of Vinter Raelthorne IV, Clocker's Cove

Dexer Sirac descended the steps into the shadowed basement of the disheveled house and sniffed once in disdain. There was a peculiar and unpleasant aroma in the air, for the layered stale smell of fear and sweat permeated the walls. He might have been surprised at the squalor of the place if he were not familiar with the type of person who dwelled within—a man so absorbed in his miserable obsession and haunted by his choices that the mundane details of life were forgotten.

The basement was dimly lit by candles and one lantern that sent flickering shadows across every book-filled surface. The floor was littered with scraps of parchment, bloody strips of cloth, and other items indistinct and yet vaguely unpleasant in the inadequate light. An odor of ripe decay indicated some food had been left to rot here perhaps buried beneath fresh piles of books or manuscripts. Sirac scanned the titles on the spines of books, dismissed most of them, and lingered on others. Across the room in the shadows was a hunched man who had not yet heard him.

"Gorzen Montlebore." He spoke the name loudly.

"Ah!" Gorzen turned in haste. The slender man had sunken eyes and thin, waxen skin, and he stooped slightly as if his spine had been bent. "It's you. You startled me."

"Clearly." Sirac spoke in a droll tone. "Your door was locked and warded. Did you forget our appointment?"

The man stammered. "Of...of course not, no." He noticed for the first time that Dexer Sirac was wearing his full head inquisitor uniform—something he had not done in any of their earlier visits. Gorzen swallowed nervously and put a hand on his desk to steady himself.

Dexer Sirac watched him with his face cast in shadow. "Your debt is due."

At this Gorzen smiled tentatively. A gleam of excitement formed in his eyes as if it were an echo of some forgotten time before his soul was blackened. "I have it this time; your search is at an end."

If Sirac felt any stirrings of anticipation, he did not betray it with his unwavering eyes. "Deceive me at your peril, Gorzen. One more death will not trouble me."

"Remember your promise to me," Gorzen said with a cringe. He had not meant to ask for reassurance, but he could not stop himself.

"No harm will come to you by my hand, nor by my orders, if you have what I require. You have every

reason to fear me, but my position is only tenable with information, and you are an asset. You have the ability through your... contacts..." he said with restrained derision, "to discover that which I cannot."

The nervous man stared at Sirac with suspicious uncertainty. "I suppose..."

"Before I grow more impatient, tell me what you know."

The enthusiastic gleam reappeared in Gorzen's eyes. His grin was an unfortunate production which displayed a jagged assortment of rotten teeth and gums. "It is genius, really. I do not know why we did not think of it before—one place where it could rest for centuries without drawing attention."

"Stop speaking in riddles." Sirac approached Gorzen and by his undeniable presence seemed to loom over him.

He shrunk in on himself at Sirac's approach and spoke quickly. "No other agency than mine could have found it." His fingers traced documents on the desk before him, and then he passed a scrap obsequiously to the head inquisitor. It was old, yet Sirac's trained eye detected it was a copied manuscript likely transcribed repeatedly in old halls of records. The archaic dating system was one used before the Orgoth invasion.

"A registry of ships?"

Gorzen nodded. "Stolen from a small sect of Doleth's monks west of Orven. They preserve records of ancient shipping. I am convinced the *Thuria's Promise* was carrying the blade."

Dexer Sirac felt growing excitement, but he controlled his expression. Sirac prided himself on his ability to smell deceit and lies. It was normally a familiar stink on Gorzen Montlebore, but it was absent now. "What was the fate of this ship?"

Gorzen's voice gained confidence. "I believe it was captured south of what is now Ramarck, in the Gulf of Middlebank. It was beset by the pirate king, Lord Borges Moorcraig."

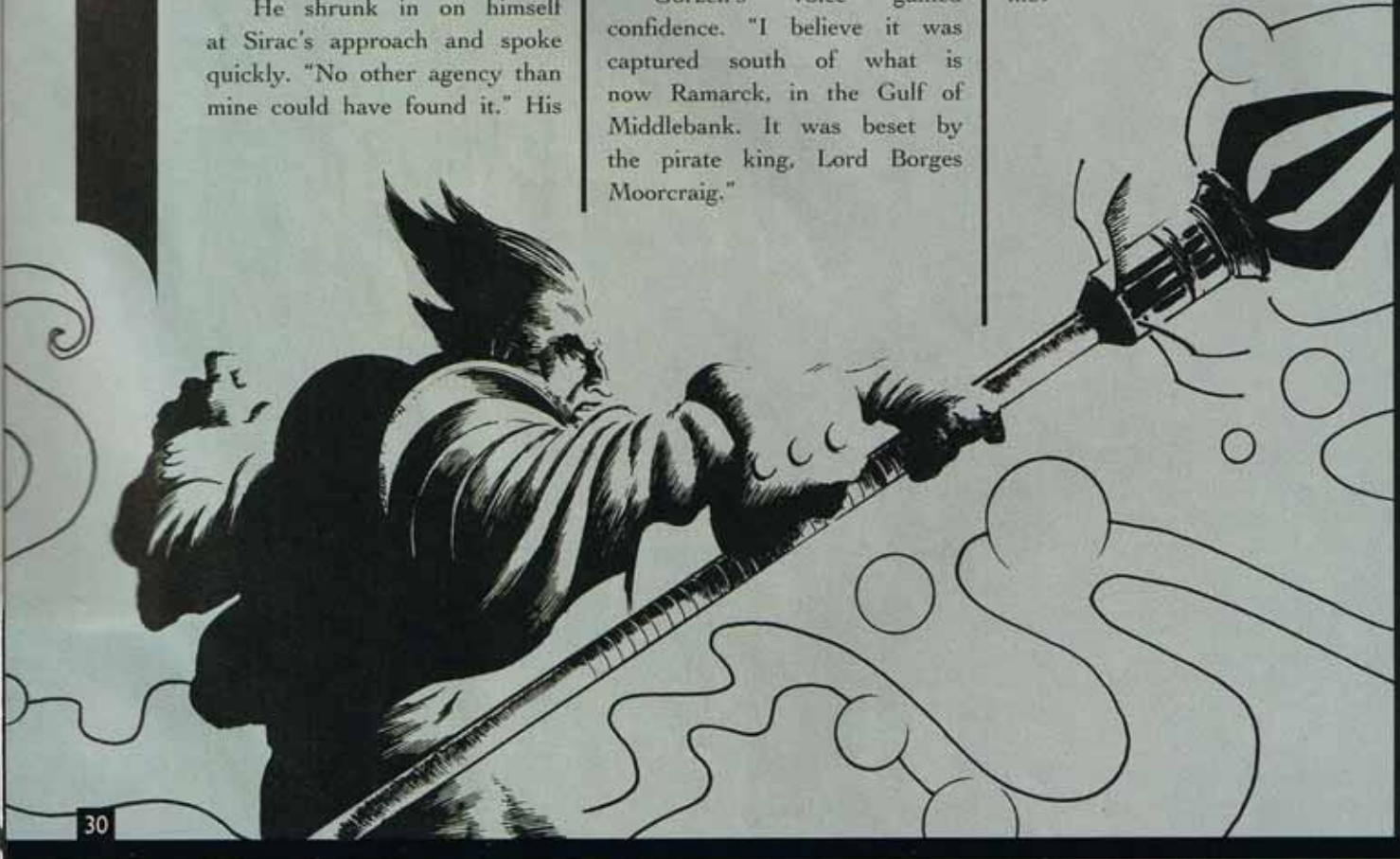
"What year?"

"A millennium before the Rebellion, four centuries before the Orgoth invasion. The old records are imprecise, but that is my best estimate."

"When Lord Toruk annihilated those kings who would not bow to him," Sirac looked away from Gorzen and stared into the darkness as if peering through the intervening centuries. "Toruk sundered Castle Moorcraig personally and blasted it to oblivion with his breath and claws."

"Yes! The blade would have been with fresh spoils. Lord Toruk would not know about it—all lesser malignancies are invisible in his blight, and Moorcraig was never properly plundered. Toruk's law forbids his minions entry."

Sirac turned back to Gorzen, his voice accusing. "What game is this? Are you hoping to be rid of me?"



Gorzen held up his hands as if to ward off a blow. "I speak the truth! That is precisely what they told me." His spidery fingers fluttered along other disordered papers before picking one up and passing it to Sirac. It had a series of lines drawn into a peculiar symbol. "Below the castle in the catacombs, its resting place is marked by that symbol. I am not deceiving you, Lord Sirac."

"I am no lord." His voice held little reproof, for he spoke in distraction as he examined the symbol. "Although I know that word comes easier from your lips than 'inquisitor.'" His eyes when they returned to Gorzen were languid yet cold.

Gorzen shuddered at the last word, reminded of his peril. "They told me I am protected. If you betray me, you will be doomed to die by the blade you seek. I tell you as a warning."

Sirac's eyes narrowed and his upper lip curled into a sneer. "That is unworthy of you, Montlebore." He reached into his coat, and once again Gorzen ducked. However the inquisitor pulled forth only a heavy leather-bound book, its black cover unmarred by lettering. "Here is your promised payment."

Gorzen's eyes were fixed hungrily on the black book as Sirac tossed it onto the desk where it landed with a thud and a crunch of something below the papers it scattered. As he turned to leave, Sirac could feel eyes on his back, a disbelieving stare as the man could not credit his good fortune. A smirk touched the inquisitor's lips.

He stepped down the front steps outside toward a cluster of men in similar jackets. They bowed deeply at his approach. Their leader

was a zealous and well-scrubbed wizard whom Sirac had stolen from the Order of Illumination. "Head Inquisitor Sirac!" He saluted with military precision.

"Lieutenant Reginold." Sirac despised this lieutenant for his naïve piety, but such men had their uses. "The man within this house is definitely the infernalist you are seeking. He is depraved, well protected, and unrepentant. You'll find him barricaded in his basement. He may be summoning allies as we speak."

The lieutenant's face reddened with anger. "We will attack with overwhelming force, sir. There will be no repeat of the last time we tracked him down."

"I should hope not."

"Are you leading the assault, sir?"

"No. I trust this one to your capable hands. I must sail to meet the king." Dexer Sirac did not look back as he strode away down the street toward the docks hearing the captain's orders behind him. There was the sound of incantations, an explosion, and the crackling roar of fire.

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Dexer Sirac felt relief when the docks of Caspia were behind them. He had worried King Vinter might change his mind and forbid the expedition before he could sail. Predicting the moods of the great king was tricky. The sovereign's enthusiasm for this risky voyage evaporated when the head inquisitor admitted that his research indicated the legendary blade required its wielder to be a sufficiently powerful arcanist or priest. "What use then is this sword to me?" the king demanded. It had

taken careful persuasion to bring him around. In the end it was the thought of such a weapon in the hands of Toruk's minions which prompted Vinter to authorize the journey.

From Caspia they crossed the Gulf of Cygnar and endured an extended stop at the dock city of Mercir where Sirac spent over a month recruiting. Finding men willing to brave Cryxian waters had not been easy. The *Ocean's Mistress* finally departed Mercir at full sail and ventured west out into the Broken Coast toward the perilous islands surrounding Scharde.

Sirac had taken the captain's cabin, forcing that worthy to relocate and bunk with his crew. The captain had not been a fastidious man, and Sirac ordered several crewmen to scrub its surfaces before he consented to spend any time there. The inquisitor stood now in the cabin wearing an oiled sailor's greatcoat lacking any symbol of his authority. Even without these tokens his shadowed face and posture conveyed menace and command. He looked out the door onto the decks, and his eyes darted from one grimy face to the next. The single grim figure of Kell Bailoch stood near him. Kell had cracked open a bottle of the captain's best wine—poor stuff to any civilized palette—grown from the small and sour grapes thriving near Mercir. Kell swallowed with a pained grimace while patiently awaiting the inquisitor's attention.

The two had spent enough shared time in the last several days for the crew to presume them old comrades in arms, but this was not actually the case. Sirac had discovered Bailoch in Mercir like a diamond among pig swill, and he quickly secured his services—payment up-front. It so happened that the ex-Cygnaran Army sharp-shooter was the only hireling Sirac felt was worthy of his company. Sirac knew more about the rifleman than Bailoch suspected, for he remembered his name from when he had become a wanted man from the Talon Company mercenary debacle. Bailoch had been discredited and forced to turn killer-for-hire, but his skill was undiminished.

Sirac spoke while watching the men on the deck. "What is your opinion of my hires?"

Bailoch shrugged. "Every one of us is wanted by the crown: murderers, arsonists, deserters. I almost expected your expedition was a clever ruse and we'd be ferried to Bloodshore Island. Given the clandestine nature of this work, it's clear we're expendable. As far as I know, I'm the only one who has deduced your true identity. The rest think they'll live to spend your coin."

Sirac turned away from the door to regard the rugged rifleman. "If I wanted fodder, I could have paid less and gotten more malleable men." They already had several problems with fights onboard as tempers flared. Four men were dead already; the last was killed by Sirac himself to set an example. That one had been ignited alive on the water-soaked deck in full view of the rest and left to scream and burn before being pitched off the side.

Kell nodded agreeably. "I said expendable, not fodder. You've secured many tough men. Expert scrappers, an assortment of gunmen, knife-fighters, even a few wizards who might hold their own in a Five Fingers tavern brawl. One of your wizards is an expert in earth-moving, which I find intriguing. I talked to a tattooed man who comes from the Warrens in Ord—a fascinating man. He's getting twitchy since he hasn't murdered anyone in a few weeks, and he has a necklace of toe-bones taken from his victims. I think he might be a cannibal. Salt of the earth." Sirac had come to appreciate Kell Bailoch's refusal to be intimidated and the ease with which he spoke openly.

"They are deadly, but I've not had time to forge them as I'd like." Sirac's voice was faintly self-critical. "I'd prefer more discipline, but they suit the task at hand. What about the captain?"

"Captain Bray? Just the sort of miscreant you'd want. He knows these waters. He's been to Blackwater and back several times, but he'd sell us out in a heartbeat if there was profit in it. That goes for everyone aboard."

"We won't be landing near Blackwater, so he won't get the chance. I'll trust you to keep an eye on him meanwhile."

"Am I supposed to harass him with harsh language?" It was a sore point Kell Bailoch had refrained from pressing. While in the port city, Dexer Sirac had taken his rifle, saying he had a few 'adjustments' in mind. The rifleman was half convinced the wizard was afraid to let him stay armed in his presence—not that he lacked other weapons, but he felt naked without Celeste. Named after an old paramour, the gun felt as much a part of him as his hands.

"Ah I had almost forgotten. I have a present for you." Sirac strode to the oversized chest at the foot of the captain's bunk. He

unlocked it with a key at his waist and recovered a heavy object wrapped in unadorned cloth. "It was completed by an old colleague while we were in Mercir."

Each day that passed since Kell had reluctantly handed over the weapon, he had begun to doubt the truth of Sirac's promise. He eagerly pulled aside the cloth from the gun and for a moment was confused. It did not seem to be his. "What have you done with it?"

The old familiar barrel looked completely different. Its darkened metal was now inscribed with an assortment of indecipherable silver runes. Bailoch might have thought the barrel replaced entirely if not for the barely detectable traces where the name *Celeste* had been carved into the metal.

The wizard-inquisitor smiled. "Inspect it."

The assassin lifted the rifle, opened the breech, and blinked in surprise at the lack of noise from this familiar operation. He worked the mechanism, sighted down the barrel after closing the breech again, and noticed it also made no sound. Dexer Sirac drew a slim dagger from his waist and tapped its edge along the barrel. There was not any ring of metal on metal although Kell could feel the vibration. The inquisitor explained, "Its new name is *Silence*. You'll find it lives up to its namesake. Not a whisper of noise when fired and you'll see it is considerably more accurate than before. Not that I doubt your skill."

Kell's eyes widened as he considered the utility of such a firearm. He sighted down the barrel and felt the smooth lines under his fingertips. He admired the way it held steady almost of its own accord.

"Now are you convinced I don't consider you expendable? I intend to make frequent use of your services in the times to come." Sirac glanced out the door onto the deck. "As for them? If they don't make it..." he shrugged, "no one will miss them."

A few hours later there was a pounding on the cabin door, and a young sailor stumbled in—one of a handful of regular deck-hands who had been forced to endure the company of Sirac's small army. "Sir!" He spoke to Sirac, looking past Bailoch, "We've got Cryxian pirates heaving to! We're flying the colors for Blackwater, but they look eager for blood."

The head inquisitor nodded calmly, stood, and made for the door. "Let's see if those code phrases I extracted from that Scharde in Mercir were worth the trouble. Kell, come with me. Find a spot in the crow's nest and be ready to take their captain and deck officers at my signal."

Bailoch joined him with a simple nod as his hands automatically fed a silk-wrapped cartridge into the breach of Silence. Men waiting outside the cabin scrambled to get out of their way.

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It seemed the code phrases worked. Their mongrel crew and the disheveled state of the ship appeared convincing enough for the ship to pass. However, after pretending to heed their flag, the Cryxians switched back in the night's fog and tried to ambush Sirac's ship near one of the unmarked islands littering the Broken Coast.

The attackers threw ropes with grappling hooks to pull *Ocean's Mistress* closer for the screaming boarding parties. It was a bloody and brutal fight, but Sirac's crew fared better than their ambushers with only a few casualties to drop into the ocean's embrace. The bloodshed seemed to please Sirac's

men, and they were encouraged at the sight of the wizard hurling spells of lightning and flame onto the deck of the adversary. Bailoch took more lives than anyone as he fire from the top of the mast unhindered by the fog. His work was done in eerie silence—men locking sabers would suddenly find a foe's head exploded clean as the bullet whizzed by with the sound of an angry gnat.

They grabbed what pitiful plunder of rancid food and piss-poor ale they could and then sank the other vessel before moving on, lighter by five sailors and two of Sirac's mercenaries. It was a test of their mettle Sirac was glad to have endured, for it showed he had paid for the proper kind of men. The battle helped knit them closer together, and they put aside whatever petty rivalries they had brought from the dockside taverns of Mercir. After the melee, the captain seemed particularly cheerful, noting, "Would have been ugly if it'd been satyxis or th' *Atramentous*. Ye best offer up a taste of blood to the waves fer luck."

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Dexer Sirac was lured from the cabin rarely, but he did come forth to view the ruins of Castle Moorcraig through the captain's glass. It was a rare opportunity to see the mark of Toruk left indelibly on the landscape, no less impressive for the passing of sixteen centuries since the place had been blasted by the peerless dragon. Sirac knew he would be seeing it first hand soon enough, but it was intriguing to view the ruins at a distance. The jagged silhouette rose up from the cliff-face backlit by moon and stars.

Kell Bailoch muttered near him, "Where are we landing? That cliff-wall looks impassable."

Captain Bray was hovering nearby and answered in low tones. "There be docks below at the base of the cliffs. Ancient an' treacherous, in a sheltered cavern cove—Cryxian ships steer clear."

Sirac's voice was calm. "The place has a bad reputation even by Cryxian standards. We won't be disturbed."

Kell Bailoch glanced over at him with a skeptical expression but said nothing else as they made their way to the hidden cove below the ruined keep.

"Would have been ugly if it'd been satyxis or th' **Atramentous**. Ye best offer up a taste of blood to the waves fer luck."

The ship docked to the ancient piers within the enormous dark cavern. A series of lanterns was lit and extended into the gloomy darkness and showed the wrecks of ancient ships just below the waters nearby.

Sirac called over an oversized brute with vaguely Khardic features named Kivel who had enough of a military background to know the importance of obeying orders. "Kivel, gather up a dozen of our men, and then kill the captain and every sailor. Leave the bodies where they fall."

Kivel smiled uncertainly at him at first as if being told a peculiar joke until realizing Sirac was serious. "How are we going to sail back with no crew?"

"Leave that to me. Do as I say then bring your men to me up at the landing."

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Word of the massacre spread quickly, and everyone understood the message. There would be no bribing the captain into an early departure—they were in for the long haul. The men were not thrilled to spend their time excavating a dangerous and ancient set of catacombs. Surface watch in the ruins above became the most popular duty. The nearby blighted forest offered several landward approaches, so Sirac reluctantly agreed to allow almost half his men up top at any given time, keeping to the shadows but ever vigilant for movement. He hoped the Cryxian bans on the ruins would keep interlopers away, but it was essential they not draw attention. Kell Bailoch was ordered to find a high post in the blasted ruins and slay any patrols that risked their discovery.

Dexer Sirac led the expeditions in the catacombs personally, hand-picking the most capable mercenaries to accompany him. The wizard Baen Rudlofte was particularly useful in this capacity, being specialized in earthmoving spells. Sirac told no one but Bailoch what they were after and directed the men with paranoid scrutiny.

From the start they unearthed horrors in the depths, and within the first day they lost eight men. Four were torn apart by the dozens of shambling dead roaming the chambers, and two fell to an oily-skinned creature of many tentacles which stalked them from one of the flooded sections. Two more were crushed in an avalanche

of stones and muck from a room collapse. The chambers echoed with strange sucking and sloshing sounds and the occasional rattling of metal in distant chambers. Throughout it all, Sirac seemed tireless and energized.

On the second evening Sirac and Bailoch met in a chamber off the tunnel just below the ruins to discuss the day's progress. They ate miserly portions of their supplies, uncertain how long they would need to last, but they remained liberal with Captain Bray's diminishing supply of bad wine. The assassin could not resist asking, "What is the importance of this thing we seek?"

Sirac stared at him for a long time, and the silence became uncomfortable. Eventually he said a single word: "Power," and turned back to his book. It was a copy of an ancient history, one of the tomes which had sparked the hunt.

Kell Bailoch scoffed. He found the answer wholly inadequate, but he did not question Sirac further.

Dexer Sirac had in fact answered truthfully. Fate had not seen fit to make him a truly great wizard. His technique was precise and refined, but Sirac knew he was no prodigy. His arcane gifts had been earned through hard work, dedication, and countless hours with difficult tomes and obscure scrolls. He had later focused on intrigues, and his maneuvering brought him to the awareness of King Vinter Raelthorne IV early in his reign. That great man had recognized his quality and gave him the opportunity to master his true art.

Sirac's tasks in service to the king left him no luxury or time to ponder arcane mysteries. His real art was piercing the hearts and minds of men and weaving and unraveling the threads of conspiracies. This was why he had been chosen as head inquisitor, yet he knew what his peers said of him behind his back—particularly the arrogant elite of the Order of Illumination and the Fraternal Order. Sirac took pleasure in recruiting from those organizations, pulling their wizards into the Inquisition, stripping away their naive ethics, and forcing them to embrace cruelty.

A secret worry plagued him—the fear of outliving his usefulness and being replaced by someone more powerful. When he discovered the legend of the Witchfire, he knew it was the key. Those who plotted against him could be sacrificed at its edge, and their skill would be siphoned away and added to his own.

With the muttering of a few incomprehensible syllables, **Sirac** pointed at the tomb and allowed power to flow into a spell of unlocking at the sealed door.

The book Sirac held told the tale of the last known wielder of the blade—a once lowly Thamarite priest who had embarked on a crusade of bloodletting against both Morrowan and Menite clergy to steal the souls of dozens of priests. In a few short years he had become one of the most feared Thamarites ever to serve the dark goddess. Legend claimed he had become one of her Chosen at his death.

Sirac had no spiritual aspirations, yet he had positioned himself to take advantage of the sword. As high inquisitor he would serve as judge and jury over sorcerers gathered from across the kingdom. Any whose blood surged with that raw and wild power could be deemed guilty of witchcraft. Cult leaders, Thamarites, infernalists, or any wizards who crossed him would die at his hand. He smiled while his fingers traced the text of the ancient language recording the dark deeds of a depraved priest.

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The breakthrough came on the following evening. Sirac had no need of torch or lantern, for his great staff shone with a cold and hard light. They had excavated a path to a sealed vault where they found the symbol discovered by Montlebore. Sirac traced this symbol with his fingertips and whispered, "Yes..."

With the muttering of a few incomprehensible syllables, Sirac pointed at the tomb and allowed power to flow into a spell of unlocking at the sealed door. There was a rumbling noise, a shuddering sensation, and then a sharp and satisfying click.

Only three others were with Sirac at the time since he had chosen to push on after the excavation teams had called it a day. These three had volunteered in the hope of impressing Sirac and increasing their shares. One was Kivel who moved up as the inquisitor stepped back, responding to a commanding nod. He set to the crack of the door with a thick leverage bar while two men named Peel and Durst assisted. The heavy door slid aside on its track and released a wave of rancid air and a plume of thick and choking dust.

It was while they coughed on this dust that something leapt from the darkness, grabbed onto Kivel, and yanked him back into the shadows. Wet chopping noises followed a gurgling scream of terror. Peel and Durst stumbled back and drew thick blades from their waists while Sirac stepped forward and extended his staff with its bright light into the room. He began another incan-tation under his breath.

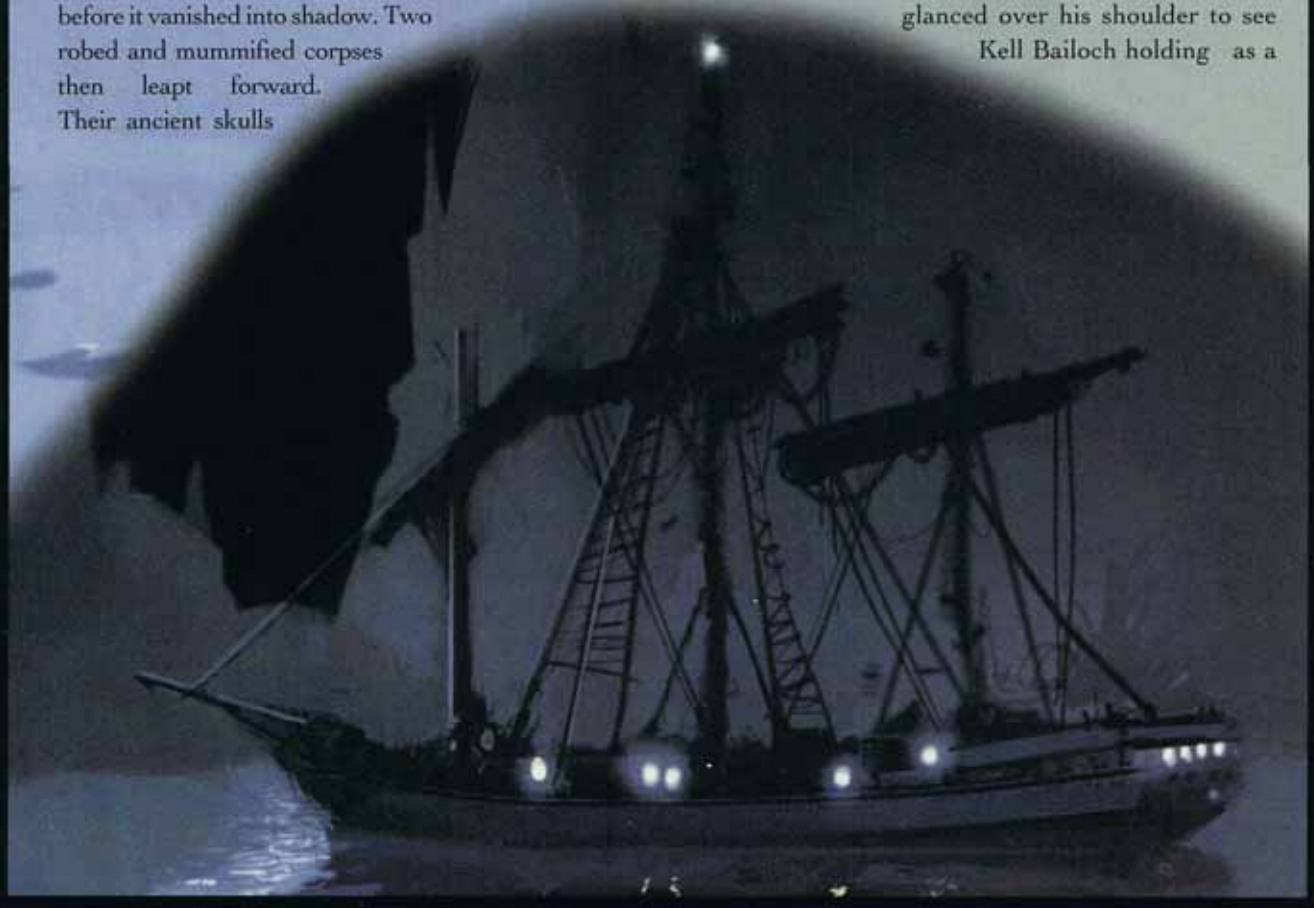
Emboldened by the wizard's courage and the abrupt cessation of Kivel's screaming, the two hirelings stepped forward again. Durst was a lanky but strong Caspian, and he held his sword with the posture of a veteran bladesman. Peel came behind him, a shorter but stockier older man with heavily scarred arms and face.

There was movement deeper in the room, a shadow against the far wall, and then Sirac's light caught something black and a flash of metal before it vanished into shadow. Two robed and mummified corpses then leapt forward. Their ancient skulls were missing lower jaws, and their fiery green eyes blazed with inner hunger. Each bore a short and pitted blade in each hand—ancient bronze spatha. The edges had wasted from age, but they were wielded with skill. The robes they wore must have been woven of blackened strands of flexible metal to have survived the ages. One nimbly ducked Peel's attempted slash then jabbed a spatha straight into his eye and disemboweled him with the other. It was Peel's turn to scream. The other undead intercepted Durst although he managed to hack into it with his blade, partially deflecting its momentum. It still managed to slash his chest, peel open his leather armor, and leave a shallow but fast-bleeding gash.

Sirac finished his incantation, and a jagged streak of sizzling lightning arced across the intervening distance to strike both undead as well as Peel. Sirac judged it a small mercy. Peel's screaming ended with his life while the undead wounded by Durst was blasted back and lay still. It managed to knock Durst from his feet as it fell.

The second one endured. As Peel bled out at its feet, its jawless visage pierced the wizard with a malevolent stare. As he began another spell, Sirac felt strangely dizzy as if deprived of air. His incantation slowed and his tongue felt heavy in his mouth. The undead leapt past Durst before he could stand and charged Sirac. A gout of flame erupted from the wizard's outstretched hand and washed over the creature, yet it did not pause. Sirac stepped back and held up his heavy staff to intercept the twin blades but then blinked in surprise when it was thrown back as if by an invisible force. The mummified face seemed to fall inward and explode as bone chips hit the far wall.

Sirac blinked in surprise and glanced over his shoulder to see Kell Bailoch holding as a



thin plume of smoke rose from its barrel.

"Nice shot." Sirac noted. The inquisitor did not wait but stepped eagerly into the room, ignoring the bloody and moaning bodies of the men who had entered with him. Bailoch gave Durst a hand to his feet and saw his wound was bloody but superficial. Sirac demanded of Bailoch, "Why are you here instead of at your post?"

Kell scowled at this greeting, stepped hurriedly to catch up with the wizard, and noticed the air was rancid with some unhealthy miasma. "We've got company up top. No small patrol either; we're going to be overrun."

The assassin wondered if he was being ignored, for Sirac was silent. The rifleman professionally swept his eyes around the room. The walls on either side had been broken through into deeper passages which had yet to be explored. In the center of the room was a peculiar sight—an enormous mound of ruined corpses looking as though they had climbed over one another before falling apart. One groping arm was frozen in the posture of reaching up toward the far wall.

Ensconced in a crumbling alcove just out of skeletal reach was a huge black-bladed sword inscribed with markings in some forgotten alphabet. Its long two-handed hilt bore a crossguard comprised of two leering demonic faces each vomiting forth a grotesque unrolling tongue which served as the sword's quillions. The pommel was a brooding face with glittering eyes. The sword was mounted within a half-eroded pattern on the wall, looking untarnished and new despite the decay around it. It was easy to deduce that many other weapons had once been set into the wall, perhaps integrated into its decorative pattern. There were empty depressions for other blades, and a heap of rusted metal littered the floor. Only the black sword and a few slender ornamented obsidian daggers had survived the centuries.

Sirac stepped forward and recklessly grabbed the sword, prompting Kell to flinch. There were no traps, and it came down with a single tug. Durst seemed fixated on the obsidian daggers, and after a hesitant glance to see if either Sirac or Bailoch would object, he picked them loose. The wizard had eyes only for his sword and tilted his head as if listening to a sound only he could hear.

"We need to move." Bailoch reminded him. "The men are under attack up top."

Sirac snapped out of his trance. "Ah." His expression registered concern for the first time. "Gather the remaining men and hold the main entrance. I'll join you momentarily." Kell nodded and took Durst with him. Before he left the chamber, Sirac removed a bronze scroll case from a satchel at his waist, pulled it open carefully, and scanned words from an ancient text. He nodded to himself, confident that he could do what he must.

On his way out, Sirac collected the wizard Baen Rudlofte, discovered scavenging in a side chamber. Seeing Sirac's scowl and the dark blade in his hands, the wizard followed meekly, stuffing his pockets with whatever ancient detritus he had collected. "There's a fight up top. I need you waiting by the ship just outside the catacombs. Stay there, you understand?" Terrified of Sirac, the wizard nodded and rushed to obey.

Sirac's euphoria had been replaced by resentment that their excavation was interrupted. Now with his primary goal in his grasp, he began to realize how likely it was that other undiscovered weapons or forgotten lore might be stashed in the chambers of these catacombs. The prospect of returning to King Vinter with Moorcraig's hoard had a strong appeal.

This hope died as he strode toward the exit from the catacombs into the upper ruins. His remaining men were fighting a desperate fight—the sounds of pistols and the clash of blades were followed by shouts and screaming. It was hours before dawn, but the moon Calder was full outside, shining a cold blue-white light on the sickly skins of their attackers.

The narrow entrance favored the defenders, but Sirac could see a tide of mechanithralls pressing forward. These were corpses animated by the fiendish Cryxian necrotechs. Their bodies were joined by a convoluted mass of piping like artificial intestines, and each was armed with spiked steam-powered gauntlets that could crush a man in an instant. His men were well chosen and fought ably, but they were clearly outnumbered. Several were dead or dying in the blood-slicked tunnel. Kell Bailoch stood in the back sighting over the top of the combatants and firing shot after deadly shot at the incoming undead. He tried his best to prevent reinforcements from reaching the skirmish.

The moonlight was suddenly eclipsed by an enormous silhouette

across the opening. The blood in Sirac's face left him at the sight of a monstrosity striding forward behind the mechanithralls. It was a terrible armored thing walking upright on strangely jointed legs. It stood three times as tall as a man with tattered and leathery wings extending from its back. As they watched, it bent forward and vomited a spray of greenish ichor that washed over two of Sirac's men at the center of their line, barely missing Kell Bailoch who jumped to the side. Their screams echoed painfully as they thrashed on the ground. The steaming acidic liquid rapidly dissolved their flesh. Sirac had never seen this creature but apprehended its identity from descriptions in certain old tomes. A part of him insisted that it should not be here so far from its domain, yet its presence was undeniable.

Kell was sighting along *Silence* at this abomination, and Sirac moved forward to stop him. "No! Do not fire—"

His warning came too late. Even as Kell first began to pull the trigger, the creature's head cocked. It picked up a thrall and raised it neatly to intercept the rifleman's shot. The mechanithrall's head exploded, and the abomination dropped its bones and iron to the ground as it turned to look at Bailoch with keen interest. A hole had been pushed open in the defensive line where the two ichor-sprayed men had fallen, and the mechanithralls began to rush through.

Sirac pulled Kell back. "That is a *lich lord*! This battle is lost. We have to get back to the ship."

Kell had never met a foe who could not be dropped by his rifle, but he backed away reluctantly. He fired a few rounds into the ranks of the unliving as they pushed forward. Durst and a nearby pistoleer named Lank saw the two of them leaving and hastened to follow suit.

Sirac lingered a moment as they hurried past, pondering the abilities of the black sword in his grasp. He turned and focused his will, gaining confidence as he could feel the blade's power responding. Suddenly the mechanithralls that had been running toward him fell *under the Witchfire's domination*—they stopped abruptly and turned around. The lich lord gave a howl as they charged him instead and began punching at it's armored legs. Sirac knew he had only delayed the unholy creature—its power was mightier than any on the island excepting only the Dragon King.

Sirac turned and rushed down the hall urging Kell Bailoch forward—the rifleman had paused to see what had delayed him. The other two had run onward, clearly terrified. Behind came the sounds of mechanithralls being torn apart.

They could hear the creature chasing behind them after a short reprieve bought by the undead Sirac had usurped. Sirac hoped confined spaces might slow the enormous thing, but he feared the catacomb halls were not narrow or cramped enough. He muttered under his breath, "Baen, if you didn't obey me..."

As they emerged from the lower catacombs with the sound of the lich lord not far behind, they saw the wizard Baen Rudlofte waiting for them as instructed. Durst and Lank stood by him, pointing in their direction. An inhuman howl sounded in the chambers behind, and Baen's face went pale with terror. Sirac ran over to him shouting, "Baen, bring down that tunnel, now!"

Baen stared at Sirac as if he were insane. His eyes widened, and he stepped back at the sound of the lich lord approaching. He seemed finally to realize what was asked of him, and he lifted a trembling hand. He stammered as he attempted to invoke the proper syllables of the spell. Sirac gritted his teeth in frustrated rage as the wizard bumbled the invocation, too afraid to cast properly.

In what seemed a fit of deranged madness, Sirac's lips peeled back in a snarl and he lunged at Baen to impale the Witchfire deep into the wizard's chest. Baen looked up at Sirac with stunned horror as his soul was wrenched from his body. To Sirac the sensation was sickly pleasurable as he could feel a trickle of power and lore flowing across the blade and into his mind. He knew he tasted only a small sample of its full potential had he the time or luxury to conduct the proper ceremony.

Perhaps because the spell had been Baen's very last thought, the power and syllables flickered briefly in Sirac's mind as the wizard bled his last. Sirac turned to see the lich lord pushing its way out of the worked catacombs with triumphant posture. Sirac pointed at the ceiling above and spoke the words of the spell. The cavern ceiling where he pointed shimmered and turned to mud. There was a groaning rumble and then a massive collapse as enormous rocks, mud, and dust buried the abomination.

Sirac kicked Baen's corpse off the Witchfire's length. "To the ship!" Kell, Durst, and Lank had been staring in stunned silence but rushed to obey. "It is not dead. We must flee."

Kell fell into stride beside the wizard. "You slaughtered the sailors. We four cannot control the ship."

Another cold smile touched Sirac's lips. "All is provided for, my friend. Never doubt me."

They reached the ancient docks and stood looking at their lonely ship. Sirac raised the Witchfire above his head. They all felt a surge of nausea as a wave of unnatural and twisted energy surged forth like a plague wind. Durst exclaimed and pointed as several bodies on deck arose from their eternal rest. More climbed up from below decks. These slaughtered sailors, now animated as a mockery of their former lives, set about those tasks they would have done in life, untying the ship from the pier and lifting anchor.

Kell was the only one unfazed. He noted calmly, "Your new crew may prompt scrutiny when we return."

Sirac shrugged. "I'll send them into the ocean when we near Highgate. I will ensure there are no questions."

With that Dexer Sirac strode triumphantly aboard the ship, and his three surviving companions had no choice but to follow. The ship sailed out of the dark cove and into the moonlit fog. With the Witchfire in hand, the head inquisitor stood at the rail as if peering into the future. New schemes began to hatch in his imagination as he considered the many steps required before he could conduct the sword's most potent ritual. He was too distracted to notice Kell Bailoch watching him warily, as if comprehending at last the nature of the man to whom he had bound himself.

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THE WITCHFIRE CONTINUES

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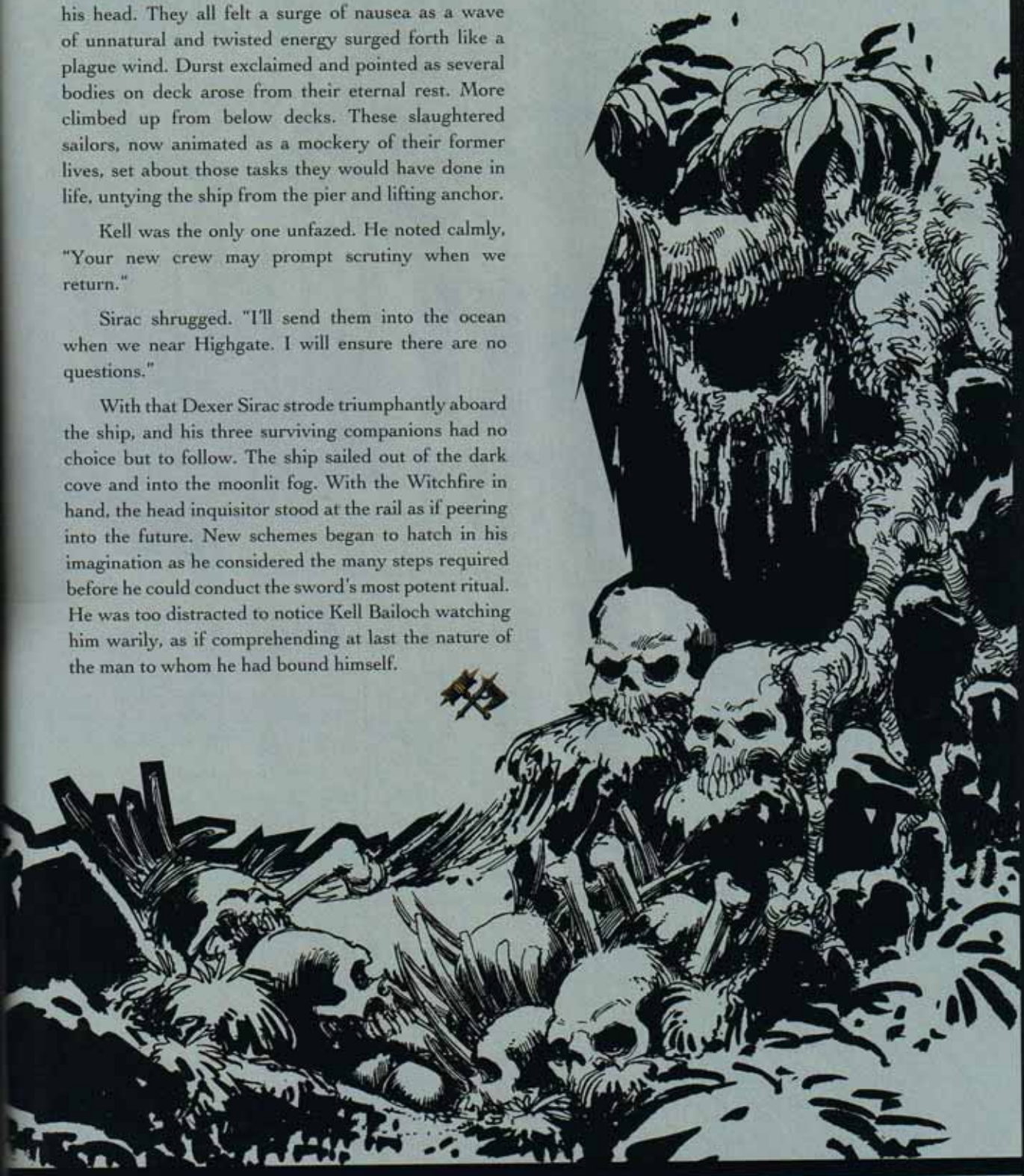
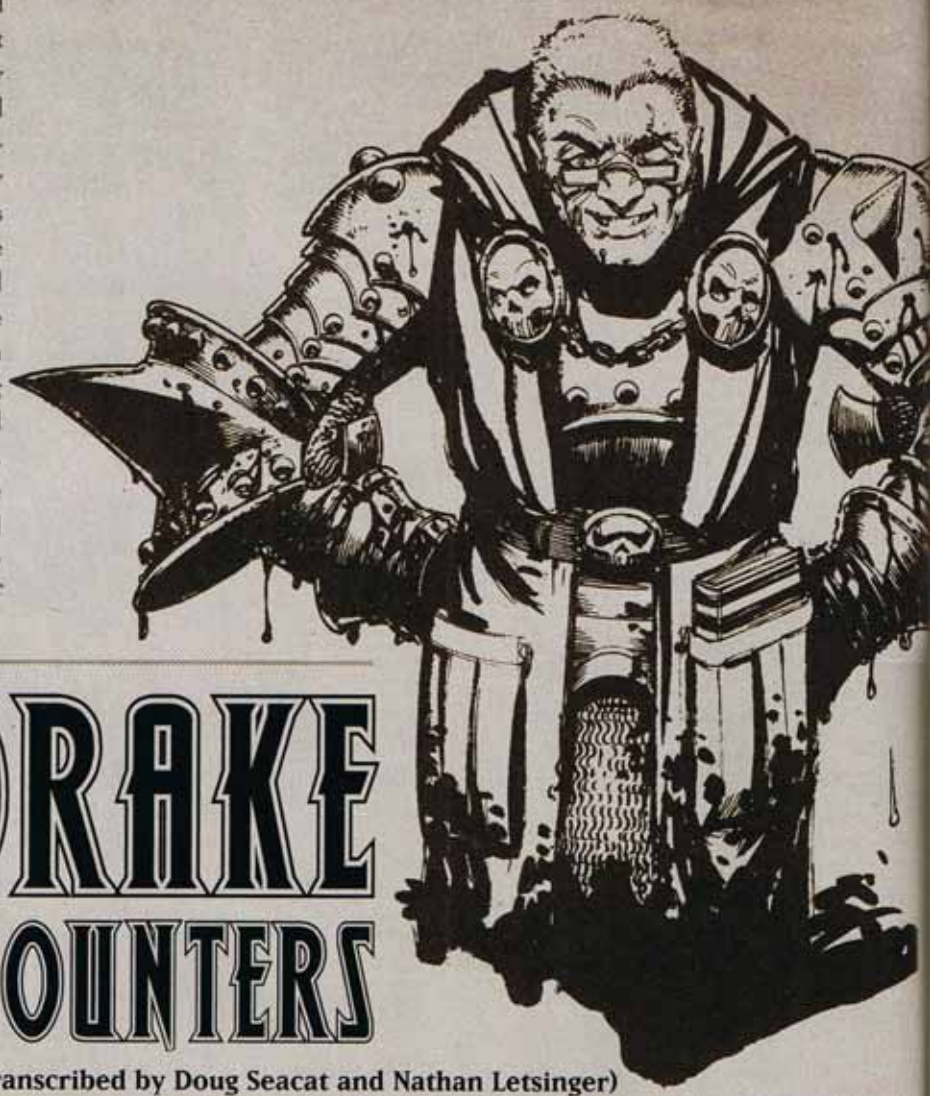


It was an old scout's trick, and I might have expected the ambush if I had been at the top of my form. Instead my curiosity almost cost my friend Quimut his life. We led our supply-laden horses down a shallow ravine following our quarry's trail, but we were oblivious to the fact that one had circled behind us. It was early morning in the Marches, and the heat had risen with the sun to promise grueling temperatures to come. We should have sought shade and shelter, but I was convinced we were close. Passing a wind-smoothed boulder, I found out just how close when I caught the shine of



THE PENDRAKE ENCOUNTERS

By Viktor Pendrake (Transcribed by Doug Seacat and Nathan Letsinger)

DEATH IN THE MARCHES, PART I

a whirling steel blade out of the corner of my eye.

I tumbled away just as the enormous curved blade sliced past and into the red sand where I had been standing. Springing to my feet, I drew my blades as Quimut extended his war-fan and the horses reared in fright. Distracted by the assailant who had nearly killed me, Quimut did not see another flanking him—the one who had circled behind us—until I shouted. Few men are as quick on their feet as my Idrian guide, but even so he narrowly escaped the great blow. We turned back to back, feeling quite outmatched as we were circled by our prey turned hunter.

There was a pause as we tensely considered one another waiting for the next move. I gathered my wits and considered what we were facing. We had tracked a party of skorne from a trollkin village massacred down to the last trollkin child near the Scarleforth Lake. Mingled among the skorne tracks had been those of these larger creatures. I surmised now that these two brutes had dropped back to deal with us while the rest pushed on.

Our foes stood nearly nine feet tall in distinctive skorne-styled plated armor and wielded brutal falchions as long as they were tall. They wore visored and enclosed helmets that presented a particularly ominous guise. I had presumed the skorne had enlisted some undiscovered breed of ogrun from somewhere in the Marches. I could not have been more mistaken.

The fight renewed in earnest—the great cleaving

blows of my foe were aimed with almost preternatural insight as if this creature knew my moves before I did. My lack of reach put me at a severe disadvantage, so I dove under his slash and stabbed at its less protected groin. The creature fell to its knees after a few choice slices.

I battered the helmet off my foe with a sideways slash and froze for a moment in surprise. Glaring at me was an alien visage so distinct from an ogrun that there was no chance of even the slightest relation. A single large baleful eye glared at me from under a brooding brow. The creature had no nose. There were only a pair of narrow slits in its smooth face below which was an enormous mouth with an assortment of slender fangs indented into its upper lip.

I was jarred back to the present by a cry of pain from Quimut. Survival before study—I plunged my dagger deep into the creature's rough-skinned throat, ending its life with a spray of hot blood. Even as I turned to Quimut's aid, my mind was reeling with the implications of what I had seen—a one-eyed humanoid unlike any I had heard described wearing skorne armor. My excitement mounted past the adrenaline of combat as I considered I was facing a new species from eastern Immoren brought from beyond the Stormlands.

Things looked dire for Quimut whose war-fan had been knocked aside and crushed to a useless lump on the red sands. He was looking down with shocked horror at the falchion sunk halfway into his torso. I suspect if he had not partially intercepted the blow, he might have been cloven in half. His left arm hung loosely and dripped blood from a serious gash, and he scrambled feebly to draw his slender Kaelram ivory blade with his right. The oversized creature who had delivered this mighty wound was standing still and slowly twisting the blade as if enjoying Quimut's helpless pain.

I felt no guilt at taking advantage of my positioning to charge the one-eyed brute. I dealt it a mortal wound deep into its lower back that prompted an inarticulate howl. It whirled to decapitate me with its blade, but I ducked in time. We traded blows until at last the hardy creature bled out. Only then did I realize I had sustained several small injuries. I was much more concerned about Quimut, and I hurried to see what I could do for him. Luckily I had brought a supply of alchemical curatives for just such an occasion, but even so it was still a close call. I fear Quimut may never entirely recover from the grievous wound. He joked with me that his dancing days were over, and I took it as a sign he would at least live through the night. Once I had secured him in relative comfort and out of the punishing sun, I felt compelled to return and inspect the creatures we had fought.

I quickly decided to call these "cyclops" from an old Caspian term which means literally "one eye." By careful extraction I was able to preserve one of the enormous fleshy orbs for later dissection. In the process I discovered a series of inexplicable scars on the skull of each cyclops perhaps indicative of ritualized self-mutilation, or perhaps deliberate tampering by the skorne. I am eager to learn more of these creatures and how they behave in the wild.

I was originally sent here by the scout general himself to investigate deeper into the uncharted regions of the Bloodstone Marches. He had been gathering every scout he could find who was even remotely familiar with the region, hoping

Cyclops

Cyclops:	Large Monstrous Humanoid
Hit Dice:	6d8+24 (51 hp)
Initiative:	+6
Speed:	40 ft. (8 squares)
Armor Class:	17 (-1 Size, +2 Dex, +2 Natural, +2 hide armor, +2 Insight Bonus), touch 13, flat-footed 15
BAB/Grapple:	+6/+14
Attack:	Large improvised club +10 (2d6+4/x2)
Full Attack:	Large improvised club +10/+5 (2d6+4/x2)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./10 ft.
Special Attack:	—
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60', Prescient Dodge, Hunter's Sight, Prescient Strike, Ocular Reliance
Saves:	Fort +6, Reflex +7, Will +6
Abilities:	Str 19, Dex 14, Con 18, Int 6, Wis 12, Cha 8
Skills:	Climb +3, Jump +3, Spot +3, Survival +4
Feats:	Improved Initiative, Endurance, Blind-fight, Track[B]
Environment:	Any desert or warm land
Organization:	Gang (2-6)
Challenge Rating:	5
Alignment:	Usually chaotic evil
Advancement:	By character class

to confirm rumors of strange new creatures and heightened skorne activity. It is clear to me I have found just that proof.

The trick now will be sending word back to the Cygnaran Army in Corvis and informing them of these creatures. The skorne I was following are still marching ahead of me, and I do not intend to turn back yet. If you are reading this, clearly I succeeded in finding someone into whose hands I could trust this errand. Be sure to reward them well for their pains. There is supposed to be another trollkin village near here. If we can find it—and it has not suffered similarly at the hands of the skorne—perhaps it is where I will be able to recruit a messenger and leave Quimut to recover fully. I shall continue onward into the red sands of this blasted wasteland alone if need be, and I will try to find a way to send other information as I find it.

~VP

Skorne Conditioned Cyclops, 2nd-level Barbarian

Cyclops:	Large Monstrous Humanoid
Hit Dice:	6d8+36 plus 2d12+12+8[S] (92 hp)
Initiative:	+7
Speed:	30 ft. in skorne plate armor (6 squares); base speed 50 ft. (10 squares)
Armor Class:	23 (-1 Size, +3 Dex, +2 Natural, +7 skorne plate armor, +2 Insight bonus), touch 14, flat-footed 20
BAB/Grapple:	+8/+16
Attack:	Masterwork large falchion +16 (2d6+10/18-20/x2)
Full Attack:	Masterwork large falchion +16/+10 (2d6+10/18-20/x2)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./10 ft.
Special Attack:	—
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60', Fast Movement, Prescient Dodge, Hunter's Sight, Prescient Strike Lean[S], Rage 2x/days, Uncanny Dodge, Ocular Reliance
Saves:	Fort +14, Reflex +9, Will +10
Abilities:	Str 24, Dex 17, Con 24, Int 6, Wis 14, Cha 4
Skills:	Climb +4, Jump +4, Spot +5, Survival +6
Feats:	Armor Proficiency (Heavy)[S], Blind-fight, Die Hards, Improved Initiative, Endurance, Track[B], Weapon Focus (large falchion)
Environment:	Any desert or warm land
Organization:	Solitary, pair (2) or squad (2-8)
Challenge Rating:	9
Alignment:	Chaotic evil
Advancement:	By character class

[S] From Skorne Conditioning quickplate • [B] Bonus Feat

Combat

Cyclops are a fierce and bloodthirsty species skilled at tracking down and slaughtering the dangerous creatures of the Bloodstone Marches. They delight in cruelty and sometimes deliberately withhold a killing strike as a victim suffers. They generally hunt in small groups, coordinate movements, and prepare ambushes. When stalking dangerous or numerous foes, they track from a distance and will wait to attack until the target is asleep or otherwise distracted.

When found in the wild, the cyclops will be protected by light hide armor and wields an oversized club often improvised from the bones of its prey.

The cyclops' eye provides the supernatural ability to see glimpses of the very near future, giving them an enormous edge in combat. All of these abilities are negated if a cyclops is blinded or otherwise unable to see its foe.

Prescient Dodge(Su): This ability allows the cyclops to anticipate an enemy's attacks before they happen, giving a +2 Insight bonus to AC as long as it is aware of an incoming attack. Cyclops also gain a +4 Insight bonus to Sense Motive rolls to avoid a feint.

Hunter's Sight (Su): The cyclops can partially correct flawed or deflected attacks before they happen. During the cyclops' action it designates an opponent and receives a +2 Insight bonus to attack rolls against that opponent. Each time it makes an action, a new opponent can be chosen.

Prescient Strike (Su): A cyclops can see when its attack will hit, and it can maximize the impact. After a cyclops hits with a melee attack, it gains a +1 cumulative Insight bonus to damage for every point by which its attack roll exceeded the opponent's AC (not including the +2 Insight bonus from Hunter's Glimpse). Bonus damage may not exceed the cyclops' BAB.

Ocular Reliance: A cyclops that loses the use of its eye or is otherwise blinded does not gain the benefit of its racial supernatural special abilites.

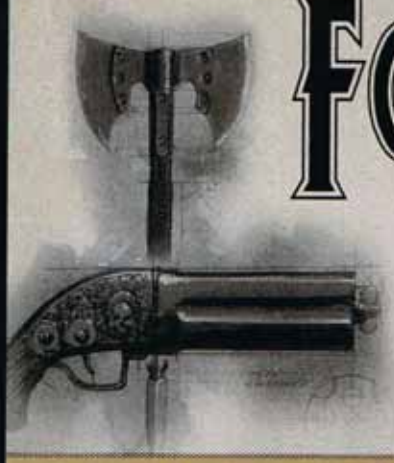
Treasure

A cyclops does not generally carry valuables, but it may collect items from those it has slain. A skorne-conditioned cyclops will wear masterwork plate armor and a large two-handed masterwork weapon such as a falchion. It is probable a cyclops eye will have many uses in alchemy or to bonegrinders, but western alchemists are currently ignorant of its properties. Prices offered for such a rarity could vary widely (10-1000 gp).

Skorne Conditioning Quickplate

Skorne submit enslaved minions to a barrage of conditioning and training while raising them from an early age to fight for them. This includes extensive exercises and drills to keep them in peak physical condition as well as exposing them to a variety of painful stimulus, reinforcing or discouraging certain behaviors. This may also include surgical procedures by skorne anatomists such as incisions into regions of the brain. This process numbs the creature to ordinary pain caused by injury, but the skorne know means to make them feel pain when it is required.

Special Qualities:	Lean, Rage +1/day
Saves:	Add +2 to Fort and Will saves
Abilities:	Add +2 Constitution; –4 to Charisma
Feats:	Armor Proficiency (Heavy), Endurance, Die Hard
Restrictions:	Can only be applied to creatures raised under skorne captivity and control
Challenge Rating:	Increase by 2
Rage (Ex):	This functions exactly like the barbarian Rage ability, and adds +1 use per day if the creature already has this ability.
Lean (Ex):	Creatures conditioned by the skorne require half as much sustenance as their base type.



Foundry, Forge, e Crucible

By Rob Baxter and Nathan Letsinger

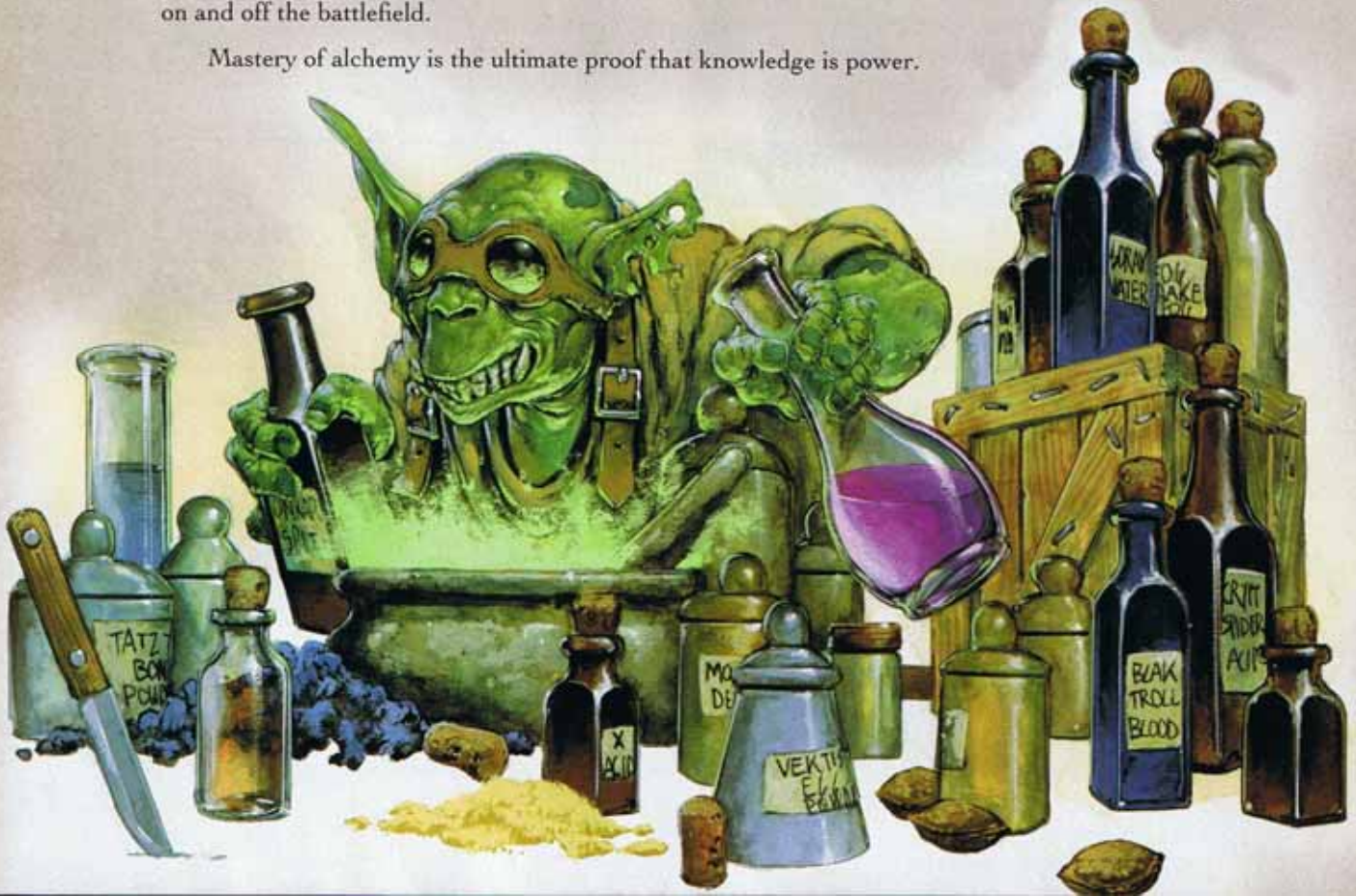
Foundry, Forge, and Crucible is a regular column in No Quarter Magazine designed to illuminate the reader on the various items found throughout the Iron Kingdoms. Within these pages you will find exotic potions, alchemical solutions, firearms, mechanika, and other assorted gear adventurers might stumble upon or find they need in their travels.

Combat Alchemy

A noble science well regarded as a method of producing curatives, restoratives, and treated materials, alchemy is a respected pursuit in the Iron Kingdoms. Employed by mercenaries and adventurers however, alchemy is less a noble science than a potent weapon and a great equalizer. Some of the most dangerous applications of alchemical science are not born of necessity but arise from a desire for ruin and revenge.

It was alchemists who crafted the first firearms, using them to equip the Army of Thunder against the Orgoth. Over the centuries keen minds have continued to evolve new and deadly uses of these principles such as timed clockwork grenades. It is only recently that such weapons have become available for individual use. Today mercenaries, rebels, and rogues find alchemical weapons excellent tools for achieving their goals both on and off the battlefield.

Mastery of alchemy is the ultimate proof that knowledge is power.

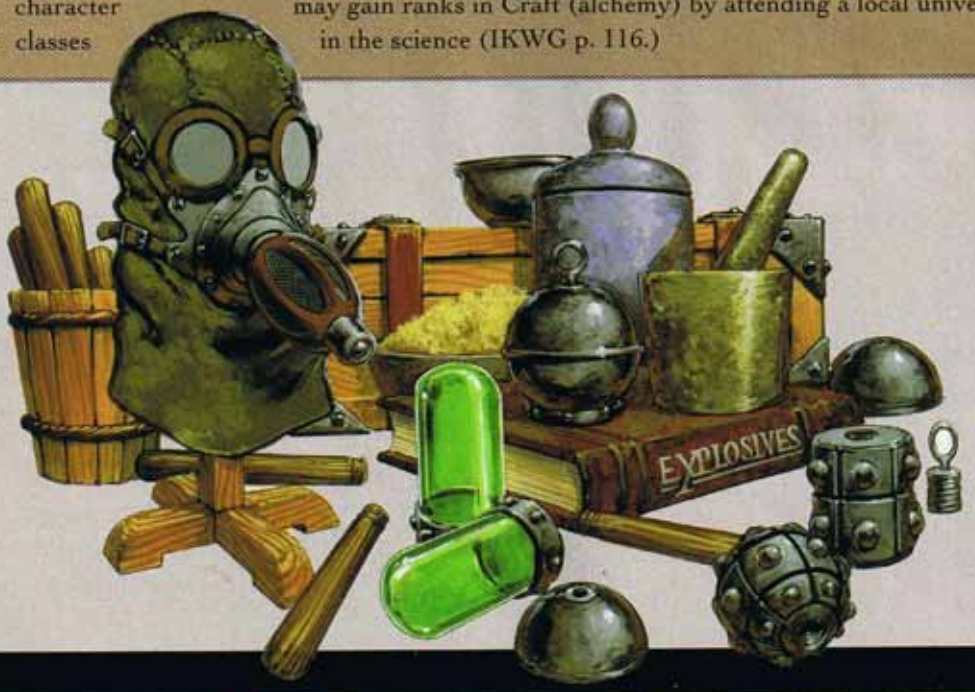


ALCHEMY FOR ANYONE

The science of alchemy is a practical and empirical pursuit in the Iron Kingdoms employed by apothecaries, surgeons, mercenaries, and adventurers. Though the more potent alchemical substances require casting ability, many other concoctions require only a working knowledge of the science (IKCG p. 301).

The ability to produce non-magical alchemical substances such as antitoxins, curatives, acids, and even poisons becomes a valuable addition to a party during adventures that take them far from the resources of civilization, such as sea-born journeys or explorations of the Bloodstone Marches.

Characters need not spend their limited level-based skill ranks to learn alchemy. Anyone in the Iron Kingdoms with time, money, and access to higher education can gain ranks in the craft. At the GM's option, a character may gain ranks in Craft (alchemy) by attending a local university that offers classes in the science (IKWG p. 116.)



PUTTING THE MAD IN MAD SCIENCE: CREATING CUSTOM ALCHEMICAL GRENADES

Grenades are simply containers for delivering dangerous alchemical substances in combat be they glass flasks of caustic acid or heavy iron spheres filled with blasting powders. GMs may opt to allow characters to create their own deadly cocktails from the various alchemical substances listed in the IKCG.

GMs should decide if the grenade requires a timed detonator like a blast grenade or if it works on impact like a splash grenade. Blast grenades require ranks in Craft (demolitions) as well as Craft (alchemy), and the formula for creation is often a military or an alchemist's secret. GMs are encouraged to use such formulae as rewards or motivators for adventures instead of allowing characters to craft grenades with the appropriate ingredients.

Blast grenades, as described in the IKCG, explode or burst to deal damage within an area. A Reflex save (usually against DC 16) can be made for half damage. Blast grenades require a Craft (demolitions) check (DC 6) to prime and set as a standard action before detonating 5 to 15 seconds later.

Blast grenades can be pre-set to a specific timing before battle, in which case they can be primed as a free action.

Splash grenades are thrown projectiles of glass or metal that burst on impact. They do not require priming and setting. They are treated as a splash weapon and are thrown as a touch attack against a target or at a specific grid intersection.

On a miss with either type of grenade, determine where the grenade lands like you would a splash weapon.

Acid Grenades

These alchemical grenades utilize concentrated vitriolic substances incased in glass flasks that make flesh and iron alike flow like hot wax, and they often result in horrendous disfiguring wounds. You can throw an acid grenade as a splash weapon. Treat this attack as a touch attack with a range increment of 10'.

When creating or purchasing an acid grenade, choose which type of acid to use:

Name	Direct Hit Damage	Splash Damage	Creation DC[2]	Cost[3]
Standard	1d6	1	15	10 gp
Bone Stripper	1d6 vs. flesh	1	15	8 gp
Dragon Bile	1d6+2 x 2 rounds	6	25	300 gp
Green Vitrio	1d6+1	1	18	18 gp
Crypt Spider[1]	2d10	4	18	45 gp
Lemax spittle[1]	2d4+2	3	18	56 gp

[1]Naturally occurring acids used by gobber alchemists as grenades.

[2]Consult IKCG pp. 303-304 for ranks of Craft (alchemy) and caster level required.

[3]Acid grenades are not commonly for sale. Characters wishing to purchase such weapons should look for rogue alchemists willing to create the grenades to order.

Blinding Oil

A dangerous splash grenade that blinds its victim, blinding oil is a black viscous glue-like oil contained in a light metal sphere that bursts open on impact and dries quickly. A direct hit with a touch attack is required for effect. Blinding oil has no splash damage.

Characters hit are blinded for 1d4 rounds. Characters wearing goggles may remove the goggles to see as a move action. Blinding Oil is not water soluble and can only be removed from the eyes by the liberal application of strong alcohol (such as wine or whiskey) or alchemical solvent, as a full-round action.

None (nonmagical); DC 25; CL NS; Craft (alchemy) 6 ranks; Cost 60 gp.

Concussion Grenade

A concussion grenade utilizes a volume of "true air"—an alchemical gas known for its expansive qualities. True air is captured, liquefied through a treatment process, and then cooled and stored within the grenade. When the bomb is detonated the true air is heated and released. The result is a massive burst of wind that expands in a spherical area and knocks all within its radius flat to the ground while also dispersing any harmful gases within its area of effect.

This grenade explodes in a burst with a 10-foot radius area of effect. Any creature or object of medium size or smaller within the area must make a Reflex saving throw (DC 18) or be knocked prone.

Treat the secondary effects (extinguishing torches, candles, blowing gasses, etc.) of the blast as if it were a 10ft. radius *gust of wind*.

None (nonmagical); DC 24; CL NS; Craft (alchemy) 6 ranks, Craft (demolitions) 4 ranks; Cost 50 gp

Stink Grenades

This five-inch diameter sphere of iron is crafted with special slits that allow this blast grenade to vent a foul smelling and sickening gas from its exposed sides.

When detonating, it emits a billowing fog of rank gas that has a physically enervating effect upon those who inhale it. The cloud has a 10-foot radius with a height of 10 feet and lasts for 4 rounds.

Any living creature within or entering the cloud must make a Fortitude saving throw (DC 17) or become nauseated. This condition lasts as long as the creature is in the cloud and for 1d4+1 rounds after leaving (roll separately for each nauseated character). Any creature that succeeds its save but remains in the cloud must continue to make a save each round.

None (nonmagical); DC 25; CL NS; Craft (alchemy) 6 ranks, Craft (demolitions) 4 ranks; Cost 100 gp.

Alchemist's Combat Gear

Even alchemists who walk into the field of combat must be prepared for violence, including being able to stride through their own corrosive clouds, choking mist, and vitriolic sprays as if they were little more than a spring rain. The following is a sample of the gear alchemists wear into combat.

Mist Piercer Goggles

These special alchemically-treated goggles are built with lenses that allow the alchemist to see through even murky clouds as if they were clear air.

As long as the wearer can see, the lenses of the goggles will effectively negate any miss chances due to concealment from cloudy or foggy conditions for distances up to 100 feet.

Faint transmutation; Caster Level 3rd; Craft Wondrous Item, Craft (alchemy) 8 ranks, Mist Piercer (flask); Price 2500 gp.

Alchemist's Beard

The alchemist's beard, as detailed on page 59 of the Liber Mechanika, provides a +10

Grenades

Blast Grenades

Weapon	Damage	Critical	Damage Type	Burst Radius	Reflex DC	Range Increment	Weight	Cost[1]
Concussion	See text	—	—	10'	18	10'	1 lb.	50 gp
Explosive	2d10	—	Piercing	10'	16	10'	2 lbs.	50 gp
Incendiary	1d10	—	Fire	10'	16	10'	2 lbs.	30 gp
Flash	See IKCG	—	—	10'	16	10'	2 lbs.	25 gp
Smoke	See IKCG	—	—	10'	—	10'	2 lbs.	25 gp
Stink	See text	—	—	10'	—	10'	2 lbs.	80 gp

Splash Grenades

Weapon	Direct Hit Damage	Splash Damage	Critical	Damage Type	Reflex DC	Range Increment	Weight	Cost[1]
Blinding Oil	Blind	—	—	—	—	10'	2 lbs.	60 gp
Acid	See Text	See Text	—	Acid	—	10'	2 lbs.	See Text

Alchemist Combat Gear

Item	Weight	Cost
Alchemist Beard	1 lb.	125 gp
Alchemist Cloak	3 lbs.	90 gp
Mist Piercer Goggles	1/2 lb.	2500 gp

[1] These weapons are military issue only and cannot be purchased normally.

[2] Threat range applies to direct hits only; splash damage does not threaten a critical hit.

equipment bonus to saving throws against inhaled poisons, gasses, and similar effects. Normally only found in the lab, this gas mask can also be of use in combat.

Wearing an alchemist's beard tight fit limits the speech of the wearer, makes casting spells with verbal components impossible, prevents the imbibing of potions, and prohibits use of command words or non-mechanikal spell triggers. The eye glasses of the mask incur a –2 to Spot checks. Donning or removing the alchemist's beard requires a full-round action.

Alchemist's Cloak

A modification of the heavier alchemist's apron (Liber Mechanika pg. 59) meant for combat use, the cloak provides protection from splash damage from splash weapons. The cloak provides energy resistance 1 against fire, cold, and acid damage.

Gorman di Wulfe, Rogue Alchemist

The Rynnish alchemist known simply as "the Wolf" has gained a reputation for his destructive madness and willingness to sell his services to any bidder. As the quintessential combat alchemist he has created a number of unique grenades to destroy or confound his foes—none of which are known to other practitioners. Although formerly a member of the Order of the Golden Crucible, he guards his secrets jealously and refuses to collaborate with his peers. If there is a method to Gorman's madness, it lies somewhere deep in the equations of the alchemist's mind—a labyrinth best left unexplored.

Blood of Trolls

Written by Rob Baxter, Art by Matt Wilson, Brian Snoddy, and Chippy

Ballak stamped the chisel down, working rough stone with strong hands, arms sinewy with muscle. His grey skin was damp with sweat and glistened in the sunlight. All was good, and he narrowed his eyes in satisfaction, a smile crossing his face. The tattooed bands on his arms and the *quitari* tartan he wore marked him as the kriel chieftain, but in the day's labor, he was the equal of any of his kith as they built the village *kuor*, the stone elevated platform which served as its center.

He paused to take in the sounds of the trollkin around him. The soft voices of mothers calling for their children, the throaty laughter of *shen* laborers as they wrestled founding stones into place, and the bellowed orders of the shaman who oversaw the trolls enlisted from the forest. The massive trolls rumbled deep in their throats as they worked, doing the shaman's bidding by moving stones too immense for trollkin, setting the blocks of hewn rock down where directed.

The chieftain was comforted by the sounds, for he knew the rightness of them. In his blood the strength of his people flowed, and in glyphs set into the krielstones by the stone scribes, imbued with the power of the goddess. Soon this village krielstone would be finished, and all of his kriel could gather to chant the hearth rites. The kith could feast on the recent harvest and kills from the summer hunt. The shaman would lead the songs of celebration, filling the night with music and dance. The village kuar would be complete for the elders to gather and the trollkin made ready for the winter to come.

The placid comforting sounds of the village were overridden by the shouts of sentries watching from the villages' stone walls. The laboring shen turned to look up, expressions grim while their eyes lit with an eagerness to prove themselves in battle. A sentry ran over to him and bowed before his chieftain, paying proper respect despite his urgency. "Outsiders have been spotted past the marked tree line, where they are forbidden. At least two dozen humans, some on horses. They are armed."

Ballak's serenity was gone in an instant. The world moved and changed and the struggles of men crashed across the path of Ballak's kriel ever more frequently. Their wars had spilled over into places which were off-limits. Enraged by the insistent intrusions, Ballak had led war party after war party to see that nothing threatened the isolation and security of his people.

"We have warned them. Sometimes bloody deeds are the only lessons they remember." He turned to the others who waited nearby. "Gather your axes, every warrior ready for the blooding rite." There were several young shen who had never tasted combat and just entered maturity—it was time to test them.

Deep within his lungs he gathered his voice and let loose a bellow that shook the very ground. His cry resonated for many heartbeats in a language older than the kingdoms of men. The bass roar was a warning, a chronicle, a war cry.

As his bellow ended, the shen rose silently, the mothers gathered their children to take them to shelter. Axes and spears were gathered up in the strong hands of shen and kith-kin alike, while shields were lifted and armor strapped upon grey skinned backs and broad strong shoulders. Old rifles packed with powder and shot were unwrapped from oiled leather. The shaman gathered his talismans and joined Ballak.

As the trollkin strode into the rough forest, hatred simmered within the Chieftain's thoughts. Men intruding near Ballak's village would not find a feast or open welcome. When men brought their wars to this lonely village they would find only their deaths.

Way of the Trollkin

Since the time before man's civilization the trollkin have dwelled in places such as the Thornwood and remote moors and valleys of Ord and Cygnar. Even in the modern day, while a small minority of trollkin dwell in the boundaries of the cities of humankind, the race has uncounted numbers dwelling in the wilds out beyond the reach of the rules of their gods, nations, and kings. In such places as the Gnarls, the trollkin wage war against bogrin, culling the small folk like a plague while trying to overtake lands that once belonged completely to trollkin alone. Since the days of the Molgur, the trollkin have been feared and respected, yet as humanity overtakes them in terms of magic, civilization, and sheer numbers, the trollkin way of life is threatened.

Trollkin have a communal and tribal culture. From the savage trollkin of the Scharde isles, to the civilized trollkin of the lower fens of the Thornwood forest, all have one commonality. The idea of *kith*, which means "family," unifies related trollkin through bloodline. While the concept of kith keeps the trollkin in tightly knit communities, it is the concept of *kriel* that goes beyond and brings these disparate communities together. The idea of the kriel brings a sense of shared purpose and unity which makes the trollkin indomitable and proud.

Kriel is an ancient Molgur word that roughly translates into "people" or "brethren" and is the method through which co-operating or even competing kith's coexist. A trollkin kriel is the amalgamation of several kith in a specific geographical area. The various kith of the Thornwood may compete against one another for resources and hunting grounds, but must obey their kriel chieftains. The amount of territory and number of kiths controlled by a chieftain varies depending on the respect they have earned and their relationships with individual local elders. Fighting between kriels has historically been common, particularly to capture potent krielstones. Certain great chiefs have sometimes arisen to unite many kriels together, but such affiliations rarely endure past their lifespan.

In a kriel the chieftain is the communal leader who has gained his station by inheritance and respect. A well-respected chieftain holds his

own by making wise decisions, standing true, and leading his kriel to prosperity. Chieftains are chosen by the elders of the various kith of a kriel, most are chosen for their wisdom, intelligence, prowess in combat, and their ability to unite the various kith of the kriel. In situations where there is not a single trollkin who can muster the support of the elders, they will rule as a common council, but are expected to name a chieftain at the earliest opportunity when a suitable candidate arises.

Another important leadership position within kith or kriel is the shaman. Trollkin shamans are devotees of Dhunia, and are sworn to be the spiritual guides of a kith. While all Dhunian priests strive to become shaman, this term is reserved for the eldest, most powerful, or wisest single shaman of a kith. Similarly, when one speaks of "the shaman" of a kriel, it will be the senior-most of those who watch over the kiths. All shaman share a common goal, and that is the preservation of the balanced trollkin way of life. This balance includes all the aspects of trollkin tradition, from gathering food, sharing old legends, training the youth, encouraging mating rites, defense of territory, enforcing laws, and funeral rituals. These are reinforced by animistic rituals and rites practiced at specific times of the year, celebrating harvest at the time of *Mannur*, or hunting time during the season of *Orrem*. Shamans are the repository of knowledge for the community as well, safeguarding the history and culture of the kriel, its spiritual well being, and the creation of new laws and customs.

While shamans and chieftains often clash, usually one holds more influence than the other over a kriel. It is also not unknown for a particularly esteemed shaman to take the mantle of chieftain as well, although most communities prefer these roles be distinct and separate. Pride between leaders can cost trollkin lives, and it is seen as a bad omen to have a chieftain and a shaman argue in public. To arbitrate such disputes of power the Council of Stones steps in to oversee the dual between Chieftain and Shaman to ensure that the community does not suffer.

The kith elders of the kriel form a Circle of Stones, a local council that appoints the Chieftain and approves the laws and customs made by the kriel shaman. In some ways reminiscent of Rhulic culture, each Council of Stone adheres to ancient customs of adjudication and balance, seeking to prevent a fall into utter chaos by maintaining order. Each Council of Stone acts as a vanguard of trollkin order, seeking to keep its members united for when the time comes to defend the lands of the kriel.

In large areas of concentrated trollkin populations such as the Thornwood and the Gnarls, larger councils may unite multiple kriels and can speak for the entire people of the region. Unless led by singularly powerful or respected elders, these councils may devolve into bickering and argument, and often have limited power to effect change. It is difficult to arrange for multiple chieftains and kriel shamans to speak as one or agree, as these proud trollkin are accustomed to being obeyed.

The Trollkin Diaspora

Many trollkin elders speak with reverence of the ancient unity of the *Molgur*, which was the last time the trollkin were gathered as a single people. Millennia ago, this great barbaric empire included ogrun, goblin races, and hordes of mankind. While Molgur is term dreaded by humans, the trollkin living in the wilderness view it as a golden age of their ancient past. Like all Molgur, those trollkin worshipped the Devourer Wurm, and neglected Dhunia. They believe this was their undoing. The Molgur were shattered in the south by the great human Menite priest-king Golivant, after which they fled to the Scharde Islands, deep into the Wyrmwall, and north to the forests and mountains. In the north the remnants of the Molgur were soon beset by another great Menite priest-king, Khardovic, who slaughtered those who did not convert to Menoth.

Since those days, trollkin turned increasingly to Dhunia, becoming more civilized but also separated into distinct geographical pockets. Despite the distance between them, they retain a strong kindred spirit, more so than the other races who credit Dhunia with their birth. While prone to internal fighting over resources, they band together against outside threats and believe in the ties of blood which unite them all. This spirit has occasionally brought open war with the dominant human kingdoms, such as during the Trollkin Wars of 242-247 and 262-267 AR. These bloody battles saw the first widespread use of full trolls trained and controlled by trollkin, set loose to slaughter in human towns and cities.

The recent outbreak of human warfare has stirred the shamans to speak these lessons of old blood ties. The many tribes of the Thornwood Forest have begun to face the reality of a new diaspora, as villages are torn apart and kith displaced by invading armies. Chieftains are rising with the power to unite and lead these trollkin, fighting to ensure the survival of their culture.

Trollkin Bloodline Traits

As a feat choice at first level, Trollkin player characters may choose to take a trollkin bloodline as opposed to selecting a first level feat. These bloodline traits represent the inborn gifts that their individual bloodlines have manifested, as well as providing a way for trollkin characters to establish their diversity. A trollkin may only ever have one bloodline trait, and may only choose this trait at first level.

Gnarlkith (Bloodline)

Proud of their ancient traditions and respected abroad for their unique lore, trollkin of the Gnarls have a commanding presence and have an uncanny affinity with their larger cousins the trolls.

Prerequisite: Charisma 13+, 1st level only

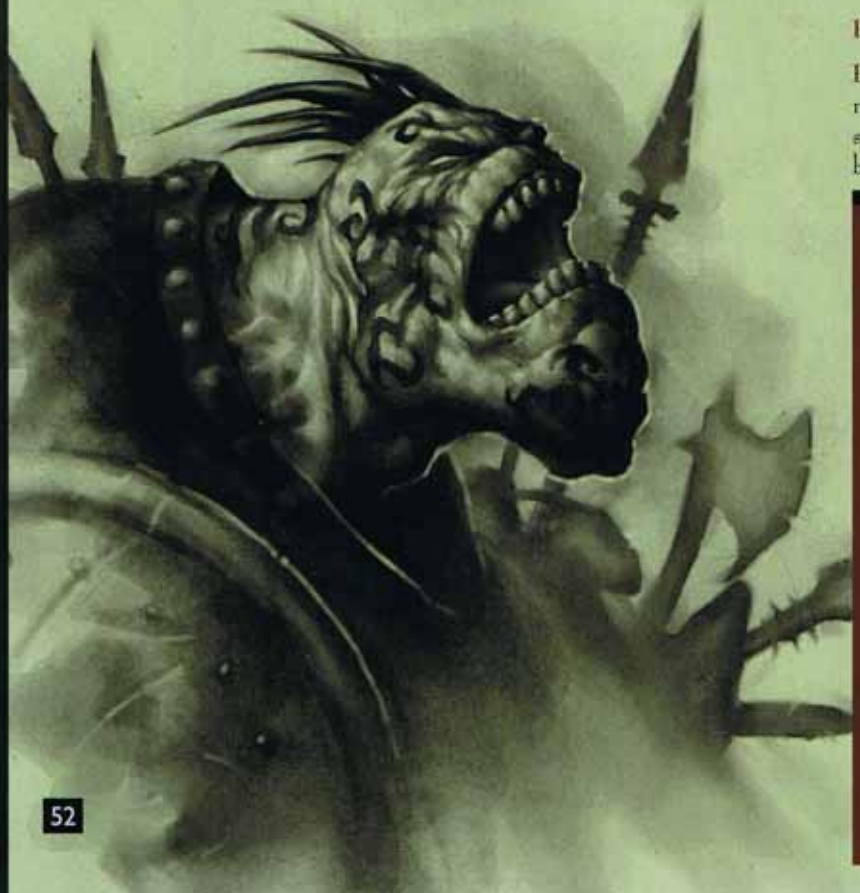
Benefit: A trollkin with this bloodline trait gains a +1 to his Leadership score for the purposes of taking a troll or trollkin as a cohort. The trollkin gains a +4 racial bonus on Diplomacy and Sense Motive skill checks against Trollkin and Trolls.

Thornkith (Bloodline)

The wisest of the trollkin of the Thornwood Forest are skilled survivalists and move unhindred while in the forest.

Prerequisite: Wisdom 13+, 1st level only

Benefit: The trollkin gains Survival as a class skill. Trollkin of this bloodline reduce movement penalties by half for moving through undergrowth.



Wyrmkith (Bloodline)

Unrelenting, merciless, and unbound by any alliance to men, the savage trollkin of the Wyrmwall Mountains are brutal and ferocious. Leaders of these kith draw on the forgotten spirit of the ancient Molgur berserkers.

Prerequisite: Charisma13+, any Chaotic alignment, 1st level only

Benefit: A trollkin with this bloodline gains Barbarian as favored class (instead of fighter), gains +1 use of Rage per day if the trollkin has this ability, and gains a number of hit points equal to your current character level.

Kith of the Scarsfell (Bloodline)

Living amidst the pines and cedars of the Scarsfell Forest, these trollkin dwell in a nearly perpetual land of ice and snow. The hardest of Scarsfell kith have acclimatized to the rigors of harsh winters and the numbing cold that comes to claim them each year.

Prerequisite: Constitution 19+, 1st level only

Benefit: A trollkin from the Scarsfell forest does not suffer non-lethal damage from exposure to cold environmental effects, and gains +4 racial bonus to saves versus cold-based spell effects.

Kith of the Bloodstone (Bloodline)

Dwelling in arid conditions amidst sweltering heat and dust the trollkin of the bloodstone marches must endure heat and parching winds. They have adapted over the years to weather such unrelenting conditions.

Prerequisite: Constitution 19+, 1st level only

Benefit: A trollkin from the Bloodstone Marches does not suffer non-lethal damage from exposure to very hot or severe heat environmental conditions, and gains +4 racial bonus to saves versus fire-based spell effects.

Trollkin Adoption

The rare rite of *kulgat*, or blood-bonding, actually marks an individual as aligned with a particular kriel or kith. Even a non-trollkin that undergoes kulgat (the mingling of blood between a trollkin and another being) can be recognized by smell or taste by any trollkin. How this works has mystified alchemists and scholars.

As a potential reward, some GM's might wish to allow player characters to undergo the honor of kulgat and become a member of a trollkin kriel. While this honor is hard earned, once a person has become part of a trollkin tribe they are considered so for life. The effects of kulgat will endure until a characters death (untimely or not). Notable people rewarded with adoption include the esteemed Professor Pendrake and King Leto of Cygnar.

A player character that has gone through kulgat will have an initial reaction of friendly with any trollkin from the same kith or kriel. While this benefit might seem small, the trollkin can make powerful allies, and as Professor Pendrake can attest the trollkin also have some pretty outrageous parties.

A Trollkin Village

Trollkin villages are usually surrounded by a stone wall, fifteen to twenty-five feet in height. Small villages often consider themselves a single kith, while larger villages may include several kith living in close proximity. Villages in particularly hostile locations resemble fortifications, having thicker stone walls and watchtowers capable of enduring a minor siege. Within the village are the homes and structures of trollkin.

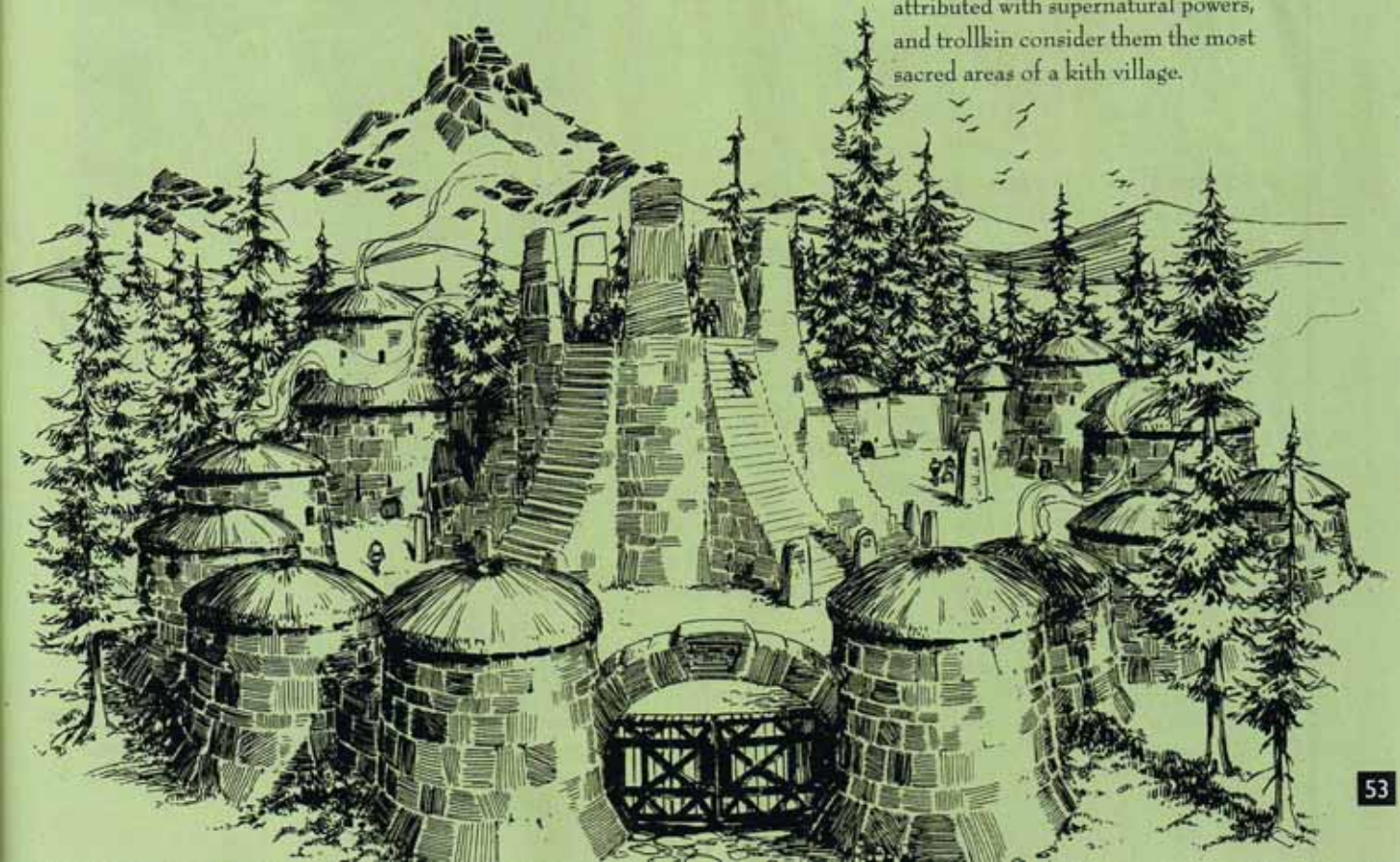
Trollkin homes are domed, circular, and tower-like with walls of earth or stone. The buildings typically are two to three stories high. The higher floors are conjoined with a spiral staircase that circles the inner walls of the structure. On the main floor is typically an eating area, a hearth for warmth and cooking, with sleeping rooms on the second and third story. The roofs of trollkin homes are usually thatched from straw, but often use worked wooden planks curved to slough off rain. The design traps heat during the winter and reflects sunlight during the summer. The buildings are consistently well made and engineered as much for comfort as for utility. In many cases the walls of a trollkin village actually incorporate the back walls of trollkin homes, using the circular construction to maximize the strength of the village's inner boundaries.

The typical trollkin dwelling is well lit, with window slits placed at frequent intervals to allow sunlight in while maximizing the defensibility of the structure. Windows are covered with thin flaps of leather that has been cured to near translucency.

The workshops of trollkin villages are also dome like structures, typically with a single story and at least one or two rooms. Trollkin foundries are usually just a forge with a roof, while other types of workshops are made for looming, weaving ornate quitari, or fletching, weapon crafting, leatherworking, or other artisan pursuits. These workshops are usually well stocked with supplies and finished goods. Trollkin rely on a system of barter, although they will sell for coin, and often are quite canny about the worth of their goods.

At the center of a trollkin village is a *kuar* or stone platform, a monolithic structure that serves as the village's meeting place. All ritual duals are held on the top of a kuar. Its elevated vantage is also used by kith elders or chieftains to oversee and arbitrate disputes. The shaman will gather the young of the community at its base to teach the annals of the kith and kriel. Kuar are often surrounded by stone monuments called krielstones.

Krielstones are sacred icons of heroic deeds and history that have been deemed important enough to set down in stone. Constructed in a variety of sizes and shapes, these stones serve as a center of prayer and reverence, and are often incorporated into the village's religious shrine. Many are attributed with supernatural powers, and trollkin consider them the most sacred areas of a kith village.



Trollshen

Unmated but mature male trollkin, termed *shen* are in a transitional time when their status is uncertain. Many are encouraged to leave a kith, with the hope of finding a mate. Otherwise they must find a means to support themselves and become useful. Shen often band together as *trollshen*—five to twenty male trollkin of various ages. In larger villages trollshen are an accepted part of the community, providing communal living for their members and selling a service such as carpentry or stoneworking. But in smaller villages the shen are not allowed to remain and are given sufficient food and water to leave and find another village in the kriel. Trollshen may also arise for mutual protection in the wild. Trollshen settle either in their own area, gaining the respect of the kriel by founding their own kith, or join with a local kith village, providing labor, working their chosen craft, and fighting for the protection of the village when needed.

Some trollshen are not so successful in carving out a niche in a kriel. These trollshen form outlaw bands, and often become *shenkriel* trollkin, which translates as "lost and without people." Trollkin without allegiances make ideal mercenaries, and have a reputation for their tough attitudes and various skills. Most trollshen are—by merit of training—excellent warriors by human standards, and their fast healing and durability make them prized as soldiers for hire.

Such shen may even live among humans for years at a time, seeking entry into a kriel when they have tired of the world of men. These trolls are often welcomed back into trollkin communities for their valuable knowledge of human lands. Still, such individuals also suffer from a wanderlust that forces them to travel back to the lands of men and often to an untimely death.

Some trollkin gangs have formed what could only be called a nomadic kriel, composed of both trollshen, mated trollkin, and traveling equivalents of shaman and chieftains. Without a council of elders, settled trollkin see these itinerant kriels as roving bands of scum.

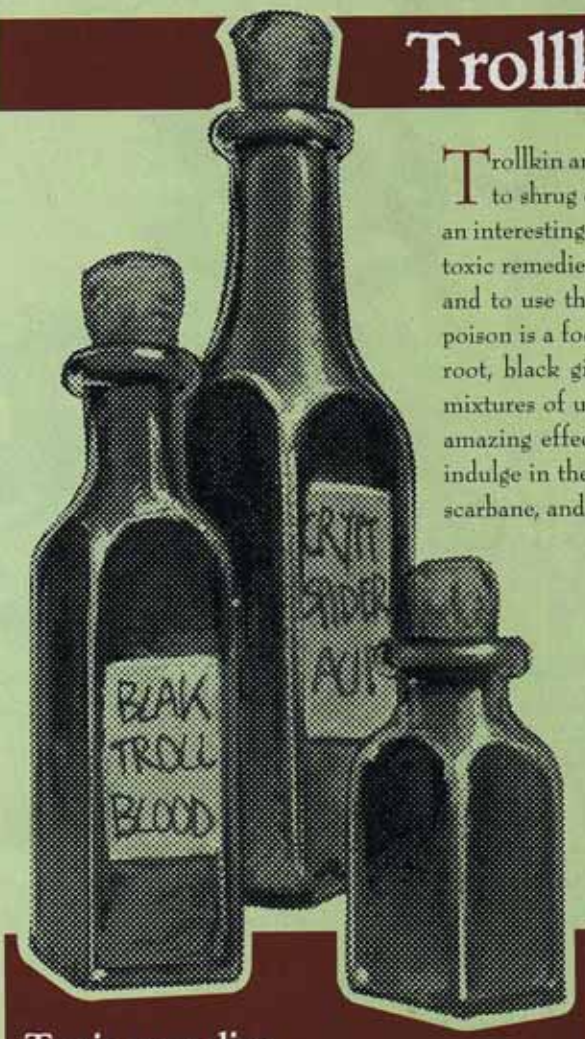
Exiled trollkin also often become members of such tribes. These trollkin are branded for some act of treachery or villainy against their kriel or kith. They often find themselves welcome into the communities of shenkriel, and even find their markings a prestigious badge of notoriety which serves to enhance their dealings.

Gullible trollshen must be wary of their own kind abroad, for they can become trapped in such societies quickly by coercion, a form of slavery. There are many reasons that trollshen band together for mutual protection and this is one of them.

The Trollshen Campaign

A trollshen can be a party of trollkin PCs and a campaign can revolve around the founding of their own kith. Forming a kith requires securing a homeland, building a village, carving a krielstone, designing a *quitari* tartan pattern, and attracting mates. Or instead the PCs might seek entry into a kriel by being charged with a particular task, such as the hunting of threatening beasts. A GM could also allow troll cohorts or troll player-characters in a high-level trollshen campaign. With adversaries such as wild beasts, manipulative druids, other trollshen, and the encroaching forces of mankind, a canny GM can easily run an all-trollkin campaign set in the wilderness of western Immoren, using the motives of the shen as plot hooks for further adventure.

Trollkin Toxic Remedies



Trollkin anatomy is far hardier than that of man, and the trollkin ability to shrug off the effects of even the most potent of poisons gives them an interesting approach to their use of medicinal herbs and plants. Trollkin toxic remedies are often sickening or downright deadly to a normal man, and to use them on any creature with less than a trollkin's resistance to poison is a foolish endeavor. Such dangerous plants as thrushwort, gulley's root, black ginger, hooaga, and bog lotus are put to use in ill smelling mixtures of unguents, stews, and potions that can lay a man low yet have amazing effects on trollkin. Even so, often only the hardiest of trollkin indulge in the most potent of such toxic remedies such as bluetongue and scarbane, and usually with a religious like respect for the potent toxicants.

Toxic remedies in your campaign

Toxic remedies are ingested or contact poisons that have a secondary beneficial effect for those with Poison Resistance. A toxic remedy always has a powerful initial damage effect, often some sort of temporary ability damage. The toxic remedy, like any poison, also has secondary damage, but unlike poisons, provides a beneficial secondary effect—both of which take effect one minute after use. A Fortitude save is required to avoid damage but no saving throw is required to gain the benefit.

An active dose of toxic remedy is so large that they cannot be used in combat, and even the ingested type is easy to detect after a single harmless swallow. A dose is at least 12 oz. and requires a full-round action to apply. Toxic remedies are treated as poisons in most other ways, including the effects of spells. Delay poison temporarily suspends both the negative and beneficial effects of a toxic remedy. Neutralize poison will detoxify a remedy but the beneficial effects are also ended.

Bluetongue — Cost: 150 gp

The pungent mash called Bluetongue by the trollkin of the southern reaches of the Thornwood is a powerful narcotic concoction that can addle a man's mind and leave him haunted by visions and hallucinations for hours. To trollkin shamans and sorcerers it is a powerful tool for focusing their will and looking into the depths of the mind.

Trollkin that consume Bluetongue gain 1d4 Charisma for one hour but sorcerers (and other spellcasters who rely on Charisma) affected by this toxic remedy do not gain any additional bonus spells for the increased Charisma. The poison leaves a telltale blue stain in the mouth of the creature that has ingested it.

Bluetongue; Ingestion DC 18; Initial Damage: 1d6 temporary Wisdom damage; Secondary Damage: 1d6 temporary Wisdom damage; Secondary Effect: +1d4 Charisma for 1 hour / non-trollkin suffer hallucinations for 1d3 hours (treat as fascinated). Subsequent ingestion provides no additional benefits but can incur additional Wisdom damage.

Scarbane — Cost: 200 gp

This vaguely sweet smelling unguent is made from black ginger and the roots of the thrushwort, resulting in a paste that quickens the flow of blood. While the trollkin might not know of its exact clinical effects, they have been using scarbane as a treatment for wounds since before the Thousand Cities era.

Scarbane relies on the trollkin metabolism, speeding it up to the point where the trollkin's wounds heal at a much faster rate than normal, although the body is prone to painful spasms and loss of consciousness. Scarbane must be applied to a wound skillfully, requiring a Heal check (DC 15), to do its work. This toxic remedy does not provide beneficial effects to non-trollkin.

Scarbane; Contact DC 15; Initial Damage: 1d10 damage and unconsciousness; Secondary Damage: Unconsciousness; Secondary Effect: regeneration 1 for 5 minutes (maximum 50 hp in 50 rounds) until at all wounds are healed / non-trollkin suffer 1d3+1 Constitution damage from internal damage.

Whelp Familiars

Trollkin sorcerers may choose to take a whelp familiar with the use of the Improved Familiar feat. Whelps are degenerate offspring of trolls, formed when an intact severed body part of a troll grow into a miniature short-lived troll. While troll whelps are deformed or disfigured in some way, they retain a semblance of intellect and make useful familiars to trollkin seeking a companion that will make an apt and manageable familiar.

A 3rd level or higher sorcerer trollkin may choose to take an immature troll whelp (see Monsternomicon v3.5, p. 186) as a familiar with the use of the Improved Familiar feat. A 9th level or higher sorcerer trollkin that takes the Improved Familiar feat may take a mature trollkin whelp with a compatible alignment as a familiar.

Immature whelps can provide a wide range of benefits determined by the severed limb they came from. Each mature whelp has a unique characteristic depending on its breed (many types of trolls can be used to create whelps).

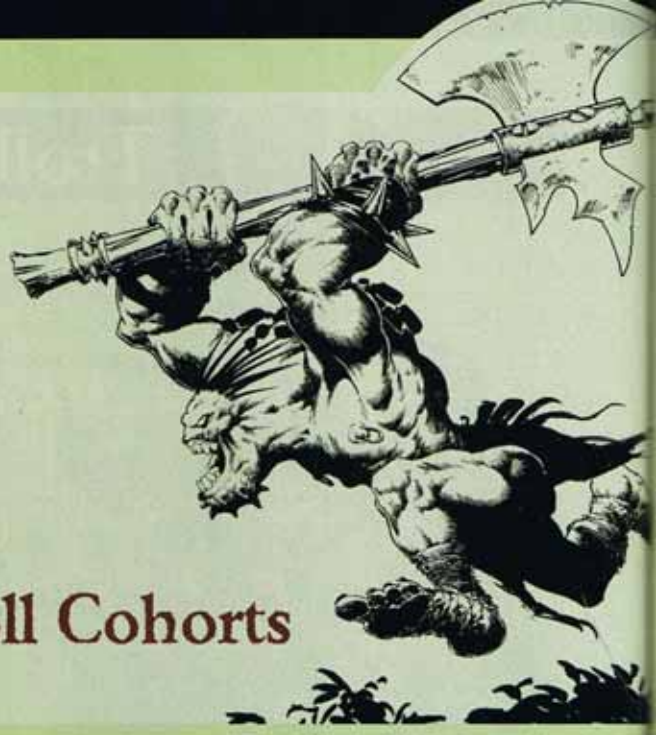
A trollkin sorcerer must choose the breed of whelp they gain as a familiar when taking the Improved Familiar feat. Once chosen the whelp does not age or mature further, although an immature whelp may become mature once its master reaches 9th level.

Troll Whelp Familiars (Immature)

WhelpBreed	Deformity	Special Benefit
Stronglimb	Oversized arms	Master gains a +3 bonus on grapple checks
Clubfoot	Massive clubfeet	Master gains a +5 foot increase to his base speed
Tuskjaw	Oversized jaw/tusks	Master gains a +3 bonus to Intimidate checks
Broadeye	Massive eyes	Master's darkvision range increases by +30 feet
Thornquill	Large sharp quills	Master gains +1 natural armor bonus

Troll Whelp Familiars (Mature)

Whelp Breed	Alignment	Whelp Abilities
Dire Troll Whelp	Chaotic	Evil +1 Strength/ 4 Master levels
Winter Troll Whelp	Neutral	Ice Breath 1/day: As per Winter troll but deals 3d4 subdual damage
Pitch Troll Whelp	Neutral	Immolate: hand to hand attacks deal an additional 1d3 fire damage
Normal Troll Whelp	Neutral	Martial Weapon Proficiency: Battleaxe



Troll Cohorts

Much like a mechanik might bring a steamjack to an adventure, a trollkin can bring a troll along with him. Trollkin share a bond with trolls partly due to their bloodline, but also due to the domestication of the troll in certain trollkin societies. These relationships have historically been the most common among the trollkin of the Gnarls, but are not unique to that region.

There are as many drawbacks (if not more) to having a troll companion as to keeping a steamjack. Size, feeding, the natural drives of the troll itself, as well as the fact that full trolls are feared and killed on sight in civilized human lands, are all factors a trollkin must take into account. As a result, troll cohorts are best reserved for all trollkin parties in wilderness campaigns, and not for campaigns with dungeon delving or urban encounters.

If a trollkin character chooses the Leadership feat, the trollkin can choose to take a Troll or Pygmy Troll (see Monsternomicon, pp. 186-195) cohort. The normal requirements of the Leadership feat still apply however.

A typical pygmy troll cohort counts as a 3rd level character (1 level of monstrous humanoid, Level Adjustment +2.) If the trollkin character wishes to take a pygmy troll cohort of higher level, they advance by character class (warrior most commonly).

A standard troll cohort counts as a 11th level character (5 levels of monstrous humanoid, Level Adjustment +6.) If a trollkin character wishes to take a troll cohort with higher levels, the troll cohort gains a number of barbarian class levels that bring him to the equivalent level to match the leadership score.

The Grohmat Mahkeiri

By Erik Fleuter and Kevin Clark

While trollkin periodically engage in regular physical duels, they have developed a unique mental dueling tradition extending from their ritual *Tohmaak Mahkeiri* or "Glimpse of the Mind" (see IKCG pg. 58). These mental duels, termed *Grohmat Mahkeiri*, are afforded special respect, and are sometimes used to settle rank disputes or leadership disagreements amongst members of a kriel, or between two potential kriel chieftains. These are public challenges witnessed by a kith's shaman, a kriel chieftain, or similar elders. Depending on the stature of the participants, these duels can accumulate a large audience, which will amplify the honor earned by the victor and similarly degrade the loser.

While any trollkin will instantly recognize the difference between a Grohmat Mahkeiri and Tohmaak Mahkeiri, non-trollkin can seldom tell them apart. Before the duel is formally started, there is a ritual greeting, with the two trollkin squaring off against each other. Grievances and terms are stated at this time. If either participant backs down at this stage, there is no inherent social penalty, although they will have lost the terms of the duel.

If the duel proceeds, the trollkin press their heads together and attempt to dominate their opponent through sheer force of will. These mental duels can be extremely dangerous and draining, often resulting in days of extreme mental fatigue and stupor. In a worst-case scenario, a participant may be forced into a coma. In the most important duels, such as those for leadership of a kriel, it is considered dishonorable to enlist or accept clerical healing to repair this damage.

This intense mental battle is resolved by a series of opposed checks (d20+Character Level+Charisma modifier). Whoever succeeds in the check deals 1d3 temporary wisdom damage to the adversary.

This continues until one of the participants submits and admits defeat, or until either participant is reduced to 0 wisdom and falls unconscious. If still conscious, the defeated must prostrate himself before the victor and accept whatever terms were agreed during the challenge.

Cheating penalty:

If a Trollkin is caught cheating in a duel (for example, enhancing his mental abilities artificially) he suffers -2 to all charisma-based rolls in the kriel where the duel takes place. This penalty can only be removed if he is challenged and successfully wins two duels in the same community without cheating. Any outside interference by a dueling character's allies also incurs the cheating penalty.

MODELING & PAINTING

BUILDING AND PAINTING THE THUNDERHEAD

Last issue the Modeling and Painting article featured the first two unique warjacks from Apotheosis—the Deathjack and Behemoth. This issue we are going to look at another monster war machine of the Iron Kingdoms—the Cygnaran Thunderhead. Though it cannot quite compete with the other two in terms of sheer bulk and piece count, it more than makes up for it in full-on knock-down aggression! The Thunderhead is positively crackling with action and attitude!

By **Mike McVey**, Miniatures Director, Privateer Press

Miniatures painted by **Ali McVey & Mike McVey**

Compared to the Deathjack and Behemoth, the Thunderhead is positively a cinch to put together. It has ten fewer pieces to start! You will also find the fit between the pieces to be generally positive, and there are not many places where strengthening pins are required. There are a couple of tricky parts, but with a little forethought they are easy to handle. One thing is true about the Thunderhead though: if you want to build it with the minimum amount of work, it goes together best in one pose. If you want to vary the pose, you will need to break out the tools and do a little conversion work. For example, if you want to twist the body on the legs, you will need to vary the length of the pistons that run between the two halves of the figure. One piston would need to be lengthened and the other shortened, depending on which way you twist the body. See the side panel in this article regarding how to do just that!

We're also going to look at how the Thunderhead was painted. It features a slight variation in the color scheme from the studio version and a scenic base to give it more character and presence. Even though the Apotheosis 'jacks are unique in the setting, it does not mean you need to paint yours exactly the same as the 'official' versions. You should do whatever fits in with the rest of your army—and more importantly, whatever looks cool!

CONSTRUCTION

Before you break out the glue, the first thing to do is thoroughly clean all the pieces to remove the mold lines and make sure there is no oxidation on areas that are going to be glued. Most of the pieces are easy to clean, but the shoulders are quite a challenge. There are six electrical coils on each side to get around, but it is worth taking a little time to do the job properly here. You will regret it if you can still see the mold lines on the painted miniature. Most of the lines can be removed with a needle file, but it can be really useful to have some pieces of fine (220 grit is just about right) wet and dry abrasive paper to get into the hard to reach places. I generally tear off a small piece and then fold it over a couple of times so I can fit it between the individual coils.

The photographs below take you through the process of putting the Thunderhead together in the easiest sequence. It's worth reading through a couple of times before you start just to make sure you get everything straight. There are a couple of pieces to dry-fit before you glue them—like the pipes running from the arms to the back of the miniature.

FIND MORE MODELING AND PAINTING TIPS AT WWW.BRUSHTHRALLS.COM OR READ ABOUT IT IN WARMACHINE: PRIME AND ESCALATION

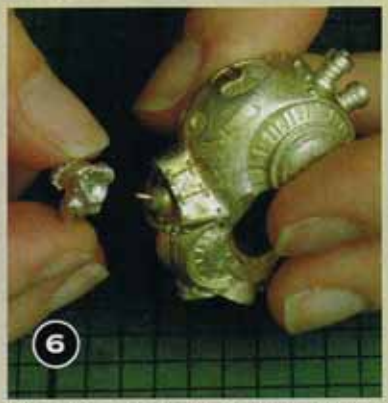
The first thing to do is attach the legs to the base, for this will give a good stable platform upon which to build the rest of the miniature. The Thunderhead is designed to fit into the slot on a large base, so you just need to cut the plastic out of the hole. Put the base face down on a cutting mat (or other surface that isn't an antique table), and use the sides of the slot as a guide to cut out the excess plastic. The plastic is thin and should be easy to cut with a sharp blade.

The fit between the legs and the waist piece is quite tight, and it might be necessary to file a little metal away from the peg side of the join. Do not be too enthusiastic about this though—you want to make sure the fit is good and tight.

It should not be necessary to pin these pieces together. Just apply a little glue and press them together firmly. Once both legs are attached and on the base they are actually quite sturdy, and the figure will have to take some serious abuse to come apart again.

One thing to bear in mind when gluing the legs to the waist is that they are designed to attach to the slot in the base, so the tabs on each foot have to be lined up as shown above.

The feet should fit flat on the base and both come inside the rim. Push them into the slot, and then run a little glue into the join area from behind.



The head fits on a rounded join area, so it is easy to get some pose and movement from this part of the miniature. It is a good idea to pin the head into place though. Since it sticks out of the body, it is one of those pieces you will always find yourself gluing back in place. Work out the position you want before you drill the pin holes.

The way the shoulder pieces fit to the body is a little unconventional, and even though they join together well, it can be hard to get them aligned correctly. The best way to make sure you have it right is to line them up at the back where there is a sharp angle on each piece. Add a little glue to one side of the join and position them as shown in the above photograph.

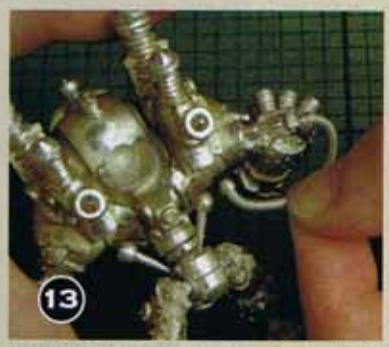
When you are sure they are aligned correctly, press the pieces together and let the glue dry—then carefully run some more glue into the join all the way around. When glueing it is a good idea to have some paper towels handy to soak up excess glue.

Once the glue is dry on the upper and lower parts of the figure, you can join them together. This is another part with which you can add some pose to the miniature, but remember if you do you will have some conversion work for the pistons that fit on the waist. If you don't want to start cutting and converting the pistons, you will have to make sure the body is positioned as shown in the photos here. Just dry fit one of the pistons before you glue the body to the legs. Though it is not strictly necessary, it's a good idea to add a strengthening pin here.

The pistons can be tricky to glue into place; little components like this are often quite touchy. If you have trouble, add a little tiny ball of greenstuff into the hollows on the Thunderhead and push the end of the piston into it. That should hold, but you can also run a tiny stop of glue into the join to make sure.

There should be two sprues of electric coil assemblies in the box with two coils apiece for both arms. I find it easiest to clean small components like this while they are still on the sprue, then I carefully cut them off with clippers and clean away the join marks. The coils fit into the back of the arms neatly and should be secure with glue alone.

Once the coils are glued to the arms, you can attach the arms to the body. You might find the join a little loose between these pieces, so it's a good idea to add a pin to make the join more secure. One thing you have to do before you position the arms is to make sure the pipes running to the back of the shoulders are going to fit. Hold the arm in place with no glue and dry fit the pipe in place. It's possible to get quite a lot of different poses here, but you will have to re-position the pipe if you decide to do so. If you want to do the minimum amount of work here, make sure you get the pose as close as possible to the one shown here. The pipes should then be easy to fit in place. If you want something a little more original, you're going to have to do some extra work!



The fit between these two pieces should be close, but it's common for components to get a little bent while being pulled from the mold or while rattling around in the packaging. Make sure the fit is good before applying any glue. At worst you will have to re-bend the pipes a bit. The pipes run from the back of the elbow to the underside of the shoulder piece.

If you are going for the standard "out of the box" arms pose, this is what they should look like.

To make it easier to paint, leave the central coil assembly off the miniature. When it is attached it can be tricky to get a brush into the details at the rear of the miniature. There are two ways to handle the undercoating and painting of these pieces. The first is to undercoat and paint them separately. When you join them together you will need to scrape away some of the paint to make sure the join is good. You never want to glue something that has paint on it, or it will just come off again. The other method is to "tack" the piece in place temporarily with a tiny dot of glue, then remove it after you have spray undercoated the miniature. If you have done it right, you should be able to pop it right off and paint it separately. Make sure the undercoat is thoroughly dry, however. When you come to glue it on again later, you will be able to glue to bare metal.

PAINTING

Painting miniatures of this size presents some unique challenges. Apart from the sheer surface area you have to cover, you have to deal with something large and unwieldy. You can attach it to something to paint—like the top of an old paint pot—but make sure it's a heavy object or this can make such a large piece likely to topple over. I find it best to hold the miniature with your thumb under the base and two of your fingers holding the very top of the miniature (in this case the large coils) but you will have to paint the top at the end or you will rub the paint off with your fingers. Another issue is that miniatures in really active poses like this, with many parts to assemble, can give you a headache simply trying to reach all parts of the surface with a brush. The Thunderhead is better than most of the large Apotheosis 'jacks in this regard mainly because the arms are well away from the body and do not block the brush. The one place where this is a little bit of a problem is when you are painting the large electrical coils on the back. You might find it easier to leave the central coil piece detached until you are finished.

Before you even pick up the brush, spend a little time planning the color scheme and thinking about what you want to achieve. Do you want a straight copy of the colors on the box, or do you want to come up with your own unique look? It's really a good idea to have this straight in your head before you begin. In this case we decided on something that was a slight variation on the 'official' colors, but we really wanted to give it more of a battlefield look—like it's been out on campaign for a while.

With the model's assembled and primed (black is the best bet with warjacks), where do you start? There are no hard and fast rules about painting miniatures like this apart from one: life is easier if you do the silver metallics first. There are two reasons for this. The first is you are generally painting all the moving and working parts of the 'jacks, like the pistons. They are under the armor plates, so it makes sense to paint them first. The second reason is that they are the messiest areas to paint, involving washing and sometimes drybrushing. If you are trying to work around carefully highlighted armor plates, it's all going to end in tears.

The series of photos below shows the painting of the Thunderhead. The silver metallics came first, then the brass bases were coated and washed before the armor areas and coils were painted. The very last step was to highlight the brass and add some weathering and rust marks to give that battle hardened look we sought.

After the black undercoat dried, the 'working parts' of the Thunderhead were given a base coat of Boltgun Metal. Try to be as neat and accurate as possible; it will save work in the long run.

The wash color for the metal is a mix of blue and brown ink with a tiny spot of Bestial Brown. The addition of paint to the ink mix makes the wash a little thicker and makes it adhere to the surface better. It is thinned quite a bit with water and applied liberally.

The rest of the metallic areas are given a base coat of Brazen Brass mixed with Scorched Brown. Adding a little brown to the brass tones down the color a bit and gives it more of a copper tone appropriate for this miniature. It accompanies the electric theme well.

The wash color for the brass is basically the same as for the silver, but with Scorched Brown instead of Bestial Brown.

The metal is highlighted first with Boltgun Metal and then with Chainmail. The brass is highlighted with the same mix used for the base coat. The rest of the highlights on the brass are left until the rest of the model is painted. It is quite messy painting the electrical coils on these areas, and the brass highlight color can tidy this up.

Battle damage! Boltgun Metal is added quite liberally to the areas that are going to be white and blue. The good thing about putting this on first and working around it is the paint for the armor color lays over the top of it and gives a realistic layered effect. It can be quite fiddly to work the highlights over this though, so it can be added when the armor panels are finished.

The electrical coils have been base coated with a mix of Enchanted Blue, deep green, and white. The battle damage has also been washed down with the same mix as was used earlier. This photo also shows the separate electrical coil. The painting of this is kept at the same stage as the rest of the figure. That way the colors are sure to match.

The electric coils are highlighted by adding white to the base color. The highlights are applied down the length of the coils.

All of the blue and white armor plates are given a base color. The blue mix is roughly equal quantities of Regal and Enchanted Blue, and the white base coat is Wargames Foundry Canvas 8a with a little Bleached Bone added. The white requires a couple of coats to get a good even coverage.

The white areas are highlighted first with Bleached Bone and then a mix of Bleached Bone and white. The final highlight is pure white.

The tone on the blue armor plates is brought up by first adding a little more Enchanted Blue to the base color mix and then increasing amounts of white as the highlights get lighter. Notice how the sides of the battle damage have been highlighted to give an 'edge' to the area. This really helps to show that the metal is under the paint.

The rust spots are created by painting Bestial Brown round the rivets and edges. Before it dries, use a damp brush to pull the color downwards to look like run-off streaks.

The final stage is to highlight the brass areas. This is a mix of Brazen Brass and Chainmail.

MOUNTING THE MINIATURE TO THE BASE

The very last step is to mount the miniature to the scenic base. For more information on how the base was made go to www.brushthralls.com. This requires a little forethought since the tabs on the base of the feet need to be cut away and filed smooth so it sits flat on the base. The best time to do this is when you are cleaning up the casting before painting. You should also fit a pin to the base of each foot at this stage. Make them the same length.

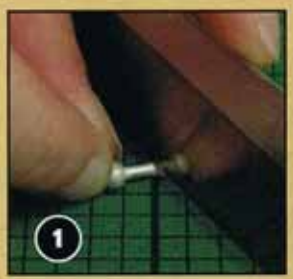
Once the miniature is finished, you should coat it with whatever varnish you prefer and carefully remove it from the base to which it was attached for painting. It might be easiest simply to cut this off with a pair of clippers. To drill the holes in the new base for the pins, hold the miniature on top of the base in the position you want – then gently press the pins into the surface to mark the position for the holes. The miniature is then just glued into place with superglue.

CONVERTING THE PISTONS

If you want to change the pose of the upper body compared to the legs, you will have to do a little work on the pistons to make them fit correctly. This is really pretty easy and you just need a couple of things. Whichever way you turn the body, you will have to lengthen one of the pistons and shorten the other.

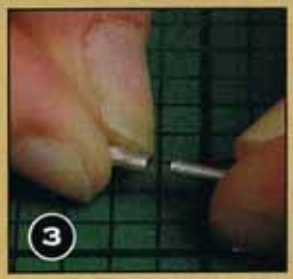
To shorten one of the pistons you need to use a razor saw to remove the smaller of the two ball ends being careful to keep the cut as straight as possible. Then cut down the piston to the required length and re-attach the ball to the end. Since the part is not weight bearing, it is not necessary to pin it in place.

It's a little tricky to lengthen the piston and you will need some aluminium tubing. A piece each of 1/16th and 3/32nd is ideal as these telescope together and are the sizes used to create the pistons originally. It's easiest to remove the old piston completely by sawing away the two ball ends. Then cut the thinnest tube to the entire length you want to piston and the outer tube a little shorter. When you telescope them both together you will get a realistic look. The two ball ends then have to be glued back into position.



Use a razor saw to cut the ball end from the piston.

Once the tubes are cut to the correct length, they can be telescoped together. A tiny spot of superglue holds them in place.



The ball ends are carefully glued back into place. Make sure the joins are square or the pistons will look bent.

Here are examples of finished pistons, one shortened and one lengthened.

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YOUR INNER WARBEAST

PICKING A FACTION FOR HORDES

By now you've heard about HORDES, scheduled to be released in the spring of 2006. Described as WARMACHINE's feral twin, HORDES battles take place in the wilderness and wastelands of the Iron Kingdoms. Last issue revealed the background behind the four factions of HORDES and unveiled some of the concept art and models. This issue we want to help you pick one which appeals to your play style.

This article is being written in September of 2005, and the HORDES release is nearly half a year away—without question the game will change between now and then. We're not painting ourselves into a corner. If something printed here no longer applies when you're playing the game six months from now, you can send all angry letters to Duncan Huffman. He lives for that kind of thing.

WRITTEN BY **NATHAN LETSINGER** ILLUSTRATIONS BY **MATT WILSON**

SCROLLS STRAPPED TO BALL WITH HEAVY LEATHER BANDS
PENDANT UNDER HOOD
COTS OF POUCHES AT WAIST
SCROLL UNFURLING
'DOOM SHAPER'
SOFT LEATHER ARMOR
POSE
ARMOR ON FORE-ARM & DESIGNS SEEN ON ARMOR
TARIANS ARE WRAPED AROUND SHOULDER AND TORSO TWICE, THEN TUCKED DOWN IN FRONT AND BACK LIKE A KILT COVERING.
SHAWN IN/OUT STRAPS

HOARLUK DOOMSHAPER

Before diving into the individual factions, let's go over the big picture. HORDES uses the same rules as WARMACHINE, with a few new rules to handle the primal nature of warbeasts and their interaction with the warlocks who control them.

The fundamental differences between the two games derive from the HORDES counterparts to warcasters and warjacks. Just as the warcaster leads his armies and marshals his warjacks to battle, the warlocks are the crux of every HORDES army, controlling and unleashing their warbeasts on their faction's enemies. Unlike warcasters, warlocks do not use or generate focus, but rely on their warbeasts' *fury* instead.

Warbeasts generate fury any time they are *forced* to boost attack or damage rolls. Warlocks must *leach* this fury from warbeasts in order to fuel their spells or boost their own attacks. Warbeasts are living and willful creatures, more unruly than mechanikal warjacks. Whenever a warbeast is left with fury there is a risk of frenzy, attacking whatever is closest to it. Each warbeast has different limits to the amount of fury it can endure, and risking frenzy is an important strategic decision.

The link between warlock and his beasts is almost parasitic. They are extensions of his will and his power, sacrificed to keep the warlock alive. Furthermore warlocks can pull special spell abilities from his warbeasts, taking aspects of their essence and distilling it into arcane spells on the battlefield. The mere presence of a warlock allows a warbeast to call on reserves of power they might never tap into on their own.

Now that you have an idea about how warlocks and warbeasts function, let's get to the meat and see if we can find a faction for you. It's time to shed any veneer of civilization you may retain and get in touch with your inner beast.

THE TROLLBLOODS

Heavily armored and mad as hell—the Trollblood faction brings the hurt like no other faction in HORDES.

All manner of trolls form the Trollblood faction, from savage dire trolls to cunning trollkin; each is employed to give this faction versatility on the battlefield. Resilient and powerful trolls provide the backbone of a Trollblood army, while their smaller kin, such as the pygmy trolls, can be utilized as advance scouts. Unified in purpose, the Trollblood army seeks to carve a place for themselves in the war-torn Iron Kingdoms. If you enjoy playing as a protagonist that pulls no punches then the Trollbood army may be for you.

Trollblood sculpts exude raw might, while small embellishments (like cooked turkeys hanging off the belts of the Impaler) demonstrate the ravenous nature of all trolls. If you prefer a visceral aesthetic that harkens to the

primitive, the Trollblood models will entice you to build an army of trolls.

TROLLBLOOD BATTLE BOX BATTLE BOX CONTENTS:

- Warlock Madrak Ironhide
- Troll Impaler Light Warbeast
- Troll Impaler Light Warbeast
- Troll Axer Light Warbeast

Trolls are known for their ferocity in melee and this battle box delivers! The albino sorcerer chief Madrak Ironhide is so well protected by his tribal relics that he can wade into battle personally, bringing a beating to his foes. Madrak relies less on his spells than his huge axe—capable of being hurled far across the battlefield. Since you asked, yes, it's magical and returns to his grasp, soaked in the blood of his foes. Once augmented with the mystic power of Trollbood fury, there is little in HORDES or WARMACHINE that can withstand him.

While this faction excels in melee it has many ranged attack options. The Trollbood battle box provides a two Impalers and their 8" range spears. Furthermore, both Madrak and the Impaler add their strength bonus to the POW of their thrown weapon—spells that enhance strength (like the Dire Troll's spell ability) enhance their ranged attacks as well!

The battle box is an excellent place to begin, no matter what type of Trollblood army you wish to build.

BUILDING YOUR TROLLBLOOD ARMY:

Imagine an army where every warrior is Tough and your warbeasts regenerate damage almost as fast as they take it, and you've got an idea of how durable an army you can build.

Battle Box Combo

Use the Impaler's spell ability to give Madrak's axe an extra 4" of range. After hitting Madrak's first target with a POW 15 hit, you can use the axe's Ricochet ability to target another foe 4" away. This gives you a potential 16" ranged attack. Madrak loves to throw his axe, and so will you!

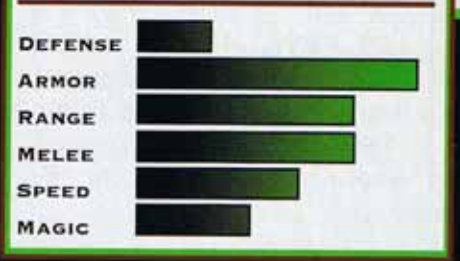
When you expand your battle box to a full 500-point army you'll want to add a few more Troll warbeasts for additional sources of fury. The large-based Dire Troll is a favored choice, as it is the most powerful troll available, capable of dishing out tremendous damage by generating up to 5 fury points. Controlling such a beast is risky business, but without risk there is no victory.

Because the staying power of troll warbeasts provides your warlock with a steady stream of fury, you may wish to invest in some trollkin troops so that your enemy does not overwhelm your pack. Troops such as the trollkin Scattergunners are Tough, meaning your enemy cannot depend on lucky shots to stop your full-bore onslaught. Surviving even the most grievous of wounds, trollkin and pygmies can rise up to smite their would be killers.

However, trollkin are medium-based models, making them harder to maneuver and screen on the battlefield. Employ Krielstone Bearers and Fellcallers to add to the armor and speed of your troops so they can cross the battlefield under fire. Just be careful of raging Dire Trolls, who are as likely to eat a nearby trollkin as a tasty Tharn Berserker.

Trollblood warbeasts hit hard, dealing enough damage to destroy most light warbeasts in a single turn. Likewise, trolls can take a beating like no other warbeast in the game. With their regenerative powers they can recover from nearly catastrophic damage to deadly functionality. Use this to bait your opponent's models into attacking your beasts—often your beasts can take more then your opponent can dish out in one turn leaving his force open to your heavy handed reprisals. Even if they manage to drop your beast, they often have to over-commit resources to do it,

TROLLBLOODS



leaving themselves exposed to a charge from your awaiting troops.

If you revel in near-reckless melee with a nigh unstoppable hunger for destruction, then you might have troll's blood in your veins. When your Dire Troll crams an Argus down its gullet and then breaks your opponent's warlock in its massive arms, you'll know.

Circle Orboros

Masters of storm and stone, the Circle excels in controlling both beast and the battlefield.

The Circle Orboros boasts warlocks of great magical might, with the power to transform their beasts into deadly hunters and controlling battlefield terrain. Circle armies excel in guerilla-style combat—hitting hard, hitting fast, and disappearing into the forest shadows.

If you enjoy howling at the moon or eating your steaks rare—and we mean bloody rare—then it may be time to answer the call of the wild.

Rippling with muscle and fur or made of time-worn wood and stone, the models of the Circle reflect the brutal forces of nature. Hobbyists can unleash their skills to portray the Circle's models as both ancient and visceral—capturing the faction's timeless patience and primal chaos.

Circle Orboros Battle Box

Surrounded by her pack of Argus and Warpwolf, warlock Kaya the Wildborne is a potent spell-caster whose magic revolves around the life essence of her beasts. Armed with her staff, she is a skilled fighter but lacks the heavy punch like Trollkin warlocks or her Circle peers. In commanding beasts she is unparalleled. Nothing matches the thrill of a pair of Argus on the hunt, unless it's your Warpwolf striking from the mists. Kaya and her warbeasts hit as a pack—gaining ferocity as they hound their prey. The Argus' doppler bark is as potent as its two-headed bite, able to slow and stun foes, leaving them to be ripped to shreds by the stalking Warpwolf. Plan your attacks carefully—using Kaya's potent magic to slow and weaken targets and enhance your pack's attacks before you tear into them.

Battle Box Contents:

- Warlock Kaya Wildborne
- Argus Light Warbeast
- Argus Light Warbeast
- Warpwolf Heavy Warbeast

Building the Circle Orboros:

Kaya has an innate mastery of the beasts in her pack. Not only can she control a large pack more easily than many warlocks, each warbeast gets a cumulative bonus to hit and damage when they successfully attack the same enemy. Adding additional Warpwolves and Argus to hunt on the edge of her control creates a potent army. Blackclad warlocks may choose instead to employ lumbering Woldwardens and Woldwatchers. These natural

Baldur Stonecleaver

Battle Box Combo

Transform your Warpwolf so that he gains an additional two points of movement before charging him at a distant enemy model which your opponent thought was safe. After delivering a chain of attacks and knocking your enemy down, promptly summon the Warpwolf back to Kaya's side and cloak him in a stealthy mist.

constructs don't use pack tactics, but advance with the momentum of an avalanche grinding down anything in their path—this is just one example of the alternative options built into this faction.

The terrifying howls of the Tharn echo in forests, promising a not-so-sweet release of death to every being with a beating heart. The forest is no place for sane men. Moving with wolf speed through the roughest terrain, Wurm-worshipping Tharn serve as a wedge to drive through advancing troops. Meanwhile nearly uncontrollable Gorax tear into enemy flanks like a blood-lusting tornado of fury, capable of ravaging an entire unit faster than you can say "wild turkey surprise."

If you're still thinking about that steak we mentioned earlier, you will enjoy running a Circle Orboros army. If you're growing enlarged canines right now to rend raw flesh from bone, you have what it takes. Happy hunting!

Legion of Everblight

Fast and deadly in large numbers, the Legion of Everblight is truly a horde to be feared.

The Legion of Everblight is composed of a nightmare variety of blighted deadly creatures from the frozen North, tainted in body and mind by their draconic liege. The first victims of Everblight were ogrun and Nyss who had the misfortune to dwell in close proximity to the dragon's former site of imprisonment. The Nyss are famed for their martial prowess with sword and bow, now turned against the Legion's myriad enemies.

Shaped and empowered by the actual blood of dragon-kind, the dragonspawn warbeasts serve a variety of tainted warlocks—providing an array of options on the battlefield. Each dragonspawn embodies certain aspects of its dragon master, some able to fly, breathing a toxic spray, while lesser dragonspawn are little more than ravenous mouths with legs.

If the sight of fresh blood steaming in the snow evokes a lust for the ruin of all things, you might already be blighted. Time to join the Legion!

This faction boasts a wide range of diverse sculpts. From fleet Blighted Nyss Archers to massive ogrun warriors, each share a common blight but have their own unique style. Hobbyists enjoying diversity of sculpts will be drawn to the variety of models this faction provides.

The Legion Battle Box
Battle Box Contents:

Warlock Hellyth Voassyr

4 Shredders Lesser Dragonspawn

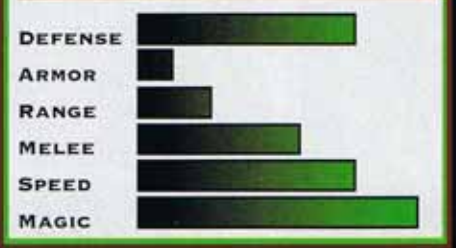
Greater Dragonspawn

The Legion of Everblight uses speed and first strike as its primary tactics. Flanking and threatening multiple charges, this army surrounds an enemy like the jaws of a dragon. A single false move on the opponent's side will open them up for the killing blow, as the dragon's maw closes with surprising swiftness.

Shredder Lesser Dragonspawn are like guided missiles of rage. Much smaller than most light warbeasts; the eyeless shredders are best used as a clustered hunting group. Lacking toughness but devastatingly ferocious, mass attacks by these little monsters can slay beasts capable of eating them whole. In a troll-eat-troll world, a pack of shredders can come out on top and often do.

The Greater Dragonspawn is capable of unleashing a torrent of horrifying attacks. When facing heavily armored foes like a pack of Trolls, send in the Greater Dragonspawn after bleeding them with your pack of Shredders or a volley of deadly arrows by your warlock. The Nyss archery-master Hellyth Voassyr is a born huntress with a taste for blood, whose fury-fueled range attacks can lay your enemies low to be reaped by your raging warbeasts.

Circle Oboros



BUILDING YOUR LEGION:

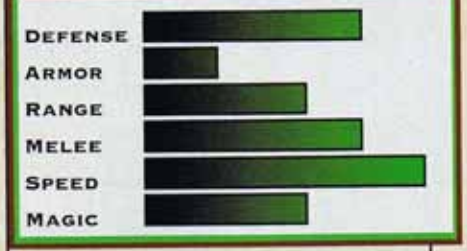
Enlarging your pack of Shredders gives you a larger source of potential fury and the ability to tear through more enemies. With their small size, you'll want several so you can surround enemy warbeasts and strip them to the bone. The agility of flying Dragonspawn allows them to threaten charges from multiple directions and even drop from the sky to open up options other factions only dream of. Due to the fact that they share the same dragonblight, Dragonspawn never charge their warlocks when frenzied, allowing them to be pushed past the breaking point —and testifying that you can never have too many Dragonspawn.

Primarily drawn from the blighted remnants of the Nyss homelands, the troopers of the Legion still bear the signature claymores and bows of their destroyed shards. Whether needing the ranged support of Blighted Nyss Rangers or the swift and powerful blades of their deadly swordsmen, the Legion troops provide no shortage of speed and killing power.

The Nyss were not the only ones affected by the blight of the Legion. The tainted ogrun warlock Thagrosh Hellborne, brought the curse of Everblight among his own kind. These blighted ogrun warriors lack the agility of the Nyss, but bring toughness and powerful strikes not usually found in the forces of Everblight. Using them to anchor an assault with the archers and swordsmen is a standard tactic that can break an enemy from multiple directions. You can build an army that suits your style, be it deadly ranged engagements or swift and certain doom at sword's point. One thing is certain—only the blighted and the dead will be found in your army's wake.

If, by the time you finished reading this, you hear a cold whispering voice infecting your very soul, then Everblight has you. Build your horde and may the first blood of battle be yours, for victory shall be Everblight's.

LEGION OF EVERBLIGHT



Battle Box Combo

Use your warlock and her Greater Dragonspawn to evoke your opponent's worst nightmare. First, Hellyth fires arrows into an opposing warbeast to soften it up. Blooded by her arrows, the target can now be charged for free by your Greater Dragonspawn. Turn up the heat by unleashing a spray of the Dragonspawn's breath during its charge, before ripping into the opposing warbeast with up to six POW 16 hits.

SKORNE

The Iron Kingdoms have never seen an army like this. Marching from the desert sands, the Skorne bring enslaved beasts twisted into cruel mockeries of their former selves—broken to serve as weapons of war. A Skorne army combines the tactics of rigorously disciplined elite troops with barely restrained beasts ready to tear apart friend or foe.

The Skorne are a mysterious new race from beyond the deadly Stormlands in the far reaches of the Bloodstone Marches. Born to a complex and sophisticated civilization where cruelty and torture have advanced to the level of art, Skorne warlocks are the paragon of their race.

THAGROSH HELLBOURNE
BACK
SPINES HAVE SPLIT BACK AND EXPOSE RIBS
HELLBOURNE
REGULAR HAND
THIS POSE-?
CHEST HAS BEEN CRACKED OPEN WHERE ATHAME WAS INSERTED, THEN STITCHED SHUT WITH THIN ROPE. CRACK AND SPACES BETWEEN RIBS GLOW ICY BLUE WHEN HELLBOURNE IS 'POWERED UP' OR ENRAGED.
FROST
LEATHER SKINS OVER FUR PELTS. TALISMANS HANG FROM CHAINS.

SKORNE DOMINA MAKEDA

Their will to subjugate knows no bounds, and at your hands they turn their attentions to the Iron Kingdoms to enslave both man and beast.

This faction's troops and beasts are elaborately armored, giving your army the consistent aesthetic of a unified force. If you enjoy designing alternate color-schemes and bringing fine details to light, you will find building a Skorne army to your liking.

SKORNE BATTLE BOX

BATTLE BOX CONTENTS:

- Lord Tormentor Morghoul
- Cyclops Light Warbeast
- Cyclops Light Warbeast
- Titan Heavy Warbeast
- The Skorne Battle box

Lord Tormentor Morghoul is a master among Skorne torturers, the dreaded Paingivers. Cruel and dangerous at close range with his pair of lethal steel claws, Morghoul can tear though an army to strike at the warlock with brutal efficiency. Flanked by two mighty Cyclops and backed up by a truly massive Titan, this Skorne warlock manipulates his warbeasts with abusive spells to goad them into lethal killing machines with no regard for personal wellbeing. The Cyclops are faster than trolls and nearly as strong, and with their future sight ability can be used with surgical precision by a keen player. The size of a heavy warjack, the elephantine Skorne Titan is the power hitter for the Skorne. Heavily armored, the Titan is a match for a Dire Troll and just as unpleasant. Use your heavy hitting warbeasts to rip a hole in your enemy's ranks and send Morghoul in to finish off the enemy warlock with a blur of steel.

Battle Box Combo

Use Morghoul's abusive magic to give your Titan and a Cyclops +2 movement and STR. Slam your Titan into an unsuspecting enemy warbeast from 9" away for a massive boosted POW 17 hit. If the enemy warlock was lurking behind the warbeast, and somehow survived the collateral damage, he's likely flat on his back and easy prey for your Cyclops to unleash his inner rage with a POW 15 hit, boosting as he sees fit.

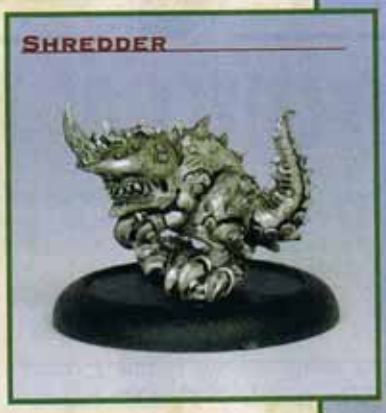
BUILDING YOUR SKORNE ARMY:

After you've mastered the tactics of controlling your Cyclops and Titans, it's time to build a full-sized army and mete out some pain. Skorne revel in the immediacy of melee, and so adding additional Cyclops is always a good idea. These beasts can boost their attacks and damage after rolling, remaining tightly under your control, unlike a frenzied Titan lashing out in pain-laced hate. Treading across the field with earth-shaking strides, a pair of massive Titans can slam and trample into enemy ranks like rampaging elephants. The warlock can tap into the titan's inner calm and obdurate nature to use as a weapon against the foe—subduing enemy troops and protecting the Titans from charges and special attacks.

LORD TORMENTOR MORGHOUL

While your warbeasts unleash their carefully cultivated hate in a torrent of rage, hardened Skorne troops can be wielded like a scalpel—trimming away the flanks or piercing into the heart of the enemy where they can cause the most pain. Also, Skorne are one of the few HORDES factions to bear firearms, allowing you to defend against the horde tactics of your enemy, picking off threats while you advance, and providing an equalizer against other ranged foes.

Do you feel you are destined to rule over a continent with an iron fist, born to bend men and beasts to your will? Of course you are. Now you can build an army to dominate all life and enslave humanity.



SKORNE

DEFENSE	
ARM	
RANGE	
MELEE	
SPEED	
MAGIC	

GUTS & GEARS

THE MEN AND MACHINES OF WARMACHINE

Written by **Bryan Steele** and **Doug Seacat** Art by **Brian Snoddy** Rules by **Rob Baxter** and **Kevin Clark**

MENOTH FLAMEGUARD

Seen at every Menite holy place and on every battlefield—the Flameguard are a testament to the steadfast perseverance of the Menite religion. Fire is an important symbol to Menites. They believe it to be the first mythical gift Menoth gave mankind, and they practice ceremonies of fire lighting in their temples. The Flameguard symbolizes the preservation of the Menite flame of faith. As long as one temple is preserved, the faith endures and can not be extinguished.

Temple guardians have long been employed to police and garrison Menite houses of worship. From the fortress-like temples of the Old Faith in Khador to the grandiose stone complexes ruled by visgoths, all were protected by pious guardians. In ancient times these men and women bore heavy, spiked torches which they wielded like maces. This archaic uniform and weaponry is still found among some guardians of temples outside of the Protectorate.

FLAMEGUARD TAKE THE UPKEEP OF THEIR GEAR VERY SERIOUSLY. IT SERVES AS THEIR PROTECTION, THEIR BADGE OF HONOR, AND THE SHRINE OF THEIR FAITH.

Hierarch Sulon instituted what would become the highly disciplined Temple Flameguard during the Cygnaran Civil War, and very recently their numbers have provided the backbone of the Protectorate military. Exploiting a clause in Cygnaran laws allowing the protection of temples and holy places, the organization has expanded over the decades. Under Hierarch Garrick Voyle the role of the Flameguard has changed dramatically. No longer simply wardens of holy places, the Flameguard now protect the borders of the Protectorate and are sent to reclaim territory and bring wayward souls back to Menoth. They are the soldiers of the line for a great and holy crusade. Wherever the Menites are sent to battle heretics of false faiths, the Flameguard are found in strength of arms.

The Flameguard were traditionally raised, trained, and grouped into regiments based on the house of worship they were to protect. As numbers increased, many units have sprung from camps and Protectorate villages everywhere. These lesser camps are recruiting and mustering points which send the youths elsewhere for proper training. Most journey to the Imer, the capital, where they are sworn into service at the massive Flameguard Temple. Far from the scrutiny of Caspia, this complex is where the great army of the Flameguard has been assembled and forged for war. This new centralized approach to mustering and training the Flameguard is part of the shift in role from temple guardian to battlefield soldier. This transition has not been without strain, and certain older Flameguard express disdain for the young "enlisted Flameguard." Still, none can dispute the effectiveness of the shared training uniting them on the battlefield.

The gathered **Flameguard** are an unmistakable sight. With their ranks of brilliantly polished helmets gleaming in the sun and their heavy brass shields affixed with the Menofix, these devout Menites **create a wall of faith and metal**.

The gathered Flameguard are an unmistakable sight. With their ranks of brilliantly polished helmets gleaming in the sun and their heavy brass shields affixed with the Menofix, these devout Menites create a wall of faith and metal. The plated armor worn under their tabards can often resist small arms fire and melee weaponry of other infantry they engage. Even a glancing blow of a warjack might be deflected off the sturdy shields when the Flameguard stand together as one.

With scripture inscribed inside their shields as a reminder of their solemn oaths, the Flameguard stand ready to march against any foe of Menoth's priesthood. Their smooth helms have become the image of the Protectorate—cold, hard, and faceless—and thousands of their number are engaged in battle along the Black River and the war-torn streets of Sul. The Flameguard's traditional weapon is the flame spear, and they mastered this implement to the exclusion of all others It consists of seven feet of coiled brass and iron smoothed out over a central copper reservoir. It is tipped with a heavy leaden weight on one end and a ported steel spearhead on the other. The weighted base is designed to be driven into the sand or soil when accepting a charge and allows the wielder to put that much more strength behind his shield arm. It is still a heavy weapon requiring training to be wielded effectively. Never is this training more necessary than when the three liter reservoir is filled with unrefined Menoth's Fury, and the sloshing and churning of the viscous liquid causes a constantly shifting balance. The spearhead is bisected by two hollow paths that allow oil to be forced up through the shaft and soak the spearhead. Ignited by a spiraling flint-striker built into the base of the spearhead, this oil burns slowly and maintains a lingering flame within the tines.

The less refined Menoth's Fury used for these spears does not immediately ignite on exposure to air, so refueling is an easier task. After unscrewing the base, the reservoir is exposed and easily filled if held stationary between the grooved notches on the armored shin guards each Flameguard wears. If the wielder is properly trained, once filled the reservoir need only be spun to keep the flow of Menoth's Fury to the head. As air rushes over the head's vents, the spear whistles and moans—creating the eerie calling card of the Flameguard: "Menoth's Howl."

The unrefined Menoth's Fury within the flame spear is a precious commodity and not to be wasted. Each Flameguard unit captain is granted a certain amount of the blessed fuel before each assignment, and it is his responsibility to ration it out to the troops based on their field efficiency. The Flameguard

"MENOTH'S HOWL" IS THE ECHOING, EERIE SOUND OF THE FLAMEGUARD'S WEAPON REFILLING AND OFTEN THE PRECURSOR TO THEIR ZEALOUS CHARGE.

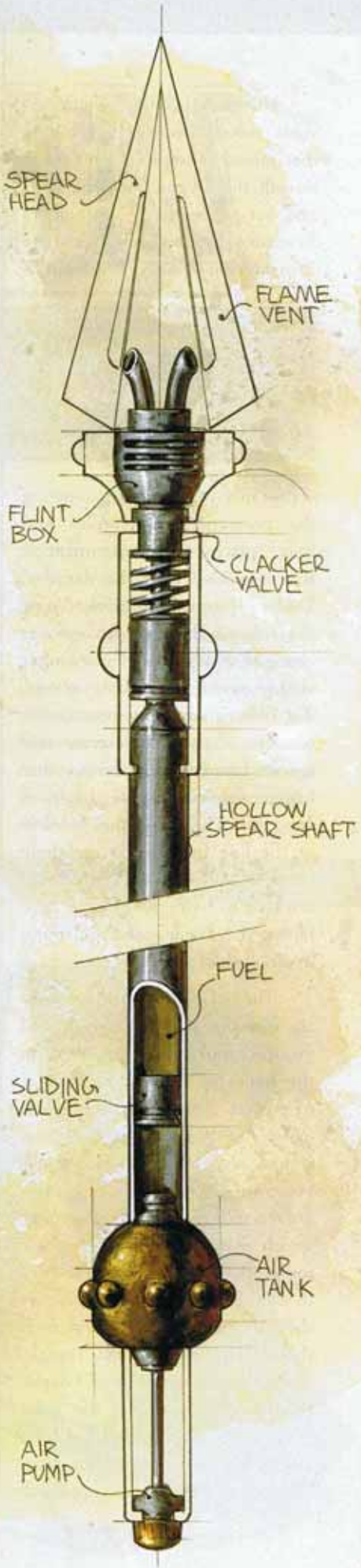
are expected to fight just as effectively and fiercely when these weapons are depleted.

The shields and armor worn by the Flameguard consists of thick brass and iron plating under their scratchy woolen tabards. They are often inscribed extensively with the prayers of the True Law—all of the favorite passages chosen by their wearers. A thick full helm and mantle—featureless other than the Menofix eye slit—attaches to a breastplate underneath. The forearms and shins are protected by sheets of molded metal riveted directly to thick leather gauntlets and boots. The shields are very basic but stout. Thick metal covers a hard leather backing onto which a lifetime of prayer and scripture is etched. Sometimes it is added while waiting for enemies to march down upon them. Each Flameguard takes very good care of his armor, personalizing and polishing it by hand to satisfy their superiors and glorify Menoth.

To hone and bolster faith, martial training is intermingled with religious prayer and tests of resolve in the face of certain doom. A devout Menite is expected to overcome his fear of death, but he should not invite it recklessly. He must fight to the best of his ability and accept when Menoth has chosen to reclaim his soul. The training of the Flameguard is bound by the True Law that life is pain and suffering, and the worth of one's existence is dwarfed by the necessity for a faithful death. They learn how to wield their spears in the most realistic combat circumstances possible by fighting against one another and occasionally captured infidels or prisoners facing execution.

The result of this process is fully trained and stalwart soldiers focused entirely on pitting themselves against the enemies of the Protectorate both abroad and at home. Though the duty of watching citizens falls more squarely on the Order of the Fist, the Flameguard are expected to assist in ensuring laws are obeyed. Their numbers allow them to help patrol the streets of both Sul and Imer to look for suspicious activity. Citizens gathering unlawfully or guilty of disobeying curfew may face Flameguard spears and be herded back to their homes. If need be the soldiers can heat their spearheads with a quick flame ignition and use the metal like a branding iron to singe and scald flesh. Few Protectorate citizens are willing to test the patience of the faceless Flameguard.

It has been a tradition for elder Flameguard to take priestly vows as their spear-arms begin to fail, and they learn the prayers of faith used to support their men when their strength is no longer sufficient. The leader of the Flameguard, called the Priest or Priestess of the Sacred Flame, is always chosen among those who have some modicum of priestly training to ensure Menoth's will is retained. Their current leader is Feora, a woman of great ambition who sought to learn the rudiments of priestly training at an unprecedented young age before making her bid for power. She is revered by all of the Flameguard as a living embodiment of their principles, and their adoration of her is so absolute as to be considered almost unseemly by temple leaders.



These prestigious Flameguard are connected directly to the Great Temple of the Creator, one of the most important Menite holy places in western Immoren. They are the latest link in an unbroken chain back to the men initiated by Hierarch Sulon. All of these soldiers are aware that Sul was once the capital, and their temple once hosted the hierarch. They are proud of that legacy and can seem arrogantly aloof to peers stationed elsewhere. The Sul Flameguard are isolated from the politics of Imer and the Flameguard headquarters, and they remain focused solely on defending this holy city and its sacred monuments. Though they respect Sul's leader Visgoth Juviah Rhoven, their true loyalty belongs to Feora, the Priestess of the Sacred Flame.

Recent events have put their resolve to the test as their city was beset by an unrelenting attack by Caspia. The Flameguard of Sul have had to face the possibility of the city and its temple falling to the hands of the unbelievers. Fortunately Feora and a massive army of Flameguard from Imer had already been sent to Sul to prepare for a massive invasion of Cygnar. They were thus on hand when the city was preemptively besieged. For the first time in history their walls were breached, and the streets have become a bloody and contested battlefield.

The Flameguard of Sul distinguished themselves during the siege and the ongoing street-to-street fighting. Alongside equally valiant members of the Knights Exemplar and Order of the Wall, these men and women prevented Sul from falling entirely to Caspian hands. The western city is in ruins, but they have regrouped in the eastern half of the city to maintain control over the Great Temple, Sulon's Remembrance, and a number of other important buildings. Forged into tempered steel by the fires of war, the surviving Flameguard of Sul were granted special honors by the Priestess of Flame and Visgoth Rhoven.

In the defense of Menite holy places, the Flameguard raise their shields together to create a wall of the faithful.

Flameguard Flame Spear

The Flameguard flame spear is a 7-foot masterwork long spear that relies on a reservoir of unrefined Menoth's Fury to enhance the already considerable deadliness of the weapon. A successful attack with a primed flame spear lights the Fury in the weapon's tip and deals 1d6 fire damage in addition to its normal damage. A flame spear holds enough fuel for up to 12 uses of fire damage, but first it must be primed. Priming the weapon requires a move action that provokes an attack of opportunity and provides 12 flame attacks before it needs to be reloaded.

A flame spear is too large to use in one hand without special training, thus it is an exotic weapon. A character can use a flame spear two-handed as a martial weapon. A flame spear has reach. You can strike opponents 10 feet away with it, but you cannot use it against an adjacent foe. If you use a ready action to set a flame spear against a charge, you deal double damage on a successful hit against a charging character.

Flame spears are military issue in the Protectorate and not generally available for purchase. A flame spear and fuel purchased on the black market costs five times or more the listed price.

Fully refueling the spear requires 3 full-round actions, and each full-round action adds 4 uses. Refueling in melee requires a Concentration check (DC 15) each round or will provoke an attack of opportunity and 4 uses are lost.

Item	Cost	DMG (M)	Critical	Range Increment	Weight	Type
Flame Spear	310 gp	1d8 +1d6 fire damage	x3	-	10 lbs.	Piercing
Fuel	60 gp	-	-	-	3 lbs.	-

SLAYER HELLJACK

Few know the secrets surrounding the creation of the Slayer as well as Master Necrotech Mortenebra, the iron lich of Skell. Leading efforts to produce the quantity of helljacks required for the ongoing invasion of the mainland, Mortenebra's workshops are constantly alive with malignant toil. She speaks of the Slayer's sublime form with a passion normally alien to her inhuman countenance. The Slayer is the product of centuries of refinement. Originally intended to be exclusively fueled on the raw stuff of souls, its precursors were terribly strong but inordinately difficult to produce, slow of movement, and too gluttonous to be maintained. The discovery of necrotite changed everything and allowed the use of powerful soulfire furnaces which combine elements of traditional steam engines with a concentrated and longer burning fuel seeped with latent death energies.

The Deathjack had an undeniable influence on the Slayer, for this elder abomination of steel and dark magic has long been sought by Cryx. Working from fragmentary texts and recounted tales, the necrotechs sought to interpret its features into a new aesthetic: something stolen, something new, and the embodiment of Cryxian innovation. Those early pioneers succeeded brilliantly with the Slayer, not in replicating the Deathjack but creating an unmistakably Cryxian machine forged for carnage and potent enough to confront the warjacks of the mainland.

The most vital element of any helljack is its cortex. The basic principles were stolen from the mainland, but Cryxian cortexes incorporate different materials and necrotech fusion. This includes bone pieces assembled into the metal and glass cortex layers along with a different formulation of fluids between the layered rune plates. Like the slayer itself, each cortex is a distinct and unique necrotech device since there is no single codified process by which they are assembled. The dark rites by which these cortexes receive their animating spark instill a powerful cunning and allow quick reactions in unexpected situations. With this cunning comes an appetite for malice that only increases with time. Elder Slayers take perverse pleasure in the hunt, toy with lesser adversaries, and extend agony before finishing the kill.

The chitin-like shells of hardened iron encasing the Slayer are forged at grim metalworking dens in Blackwater and Dreggsmouth. This is one industry where living hands fare better than their undead counterparts. The soot-covered men of these armories are little more than slaves worked to death unless their skill is exceptional enough to earn a better reward. Shipped back to the Pits, the armor is left to soak in necrotic energies. The plates emanate a black aura and a fetid heat for days after, at which time they are recovered for assembly. Armored plates are bolted together onto the chassis frame and integrated with bone to give each Slayer a unique interpretation of this timeless design.

"**The Slayer** is proof of the sublime beauty possible in death and carnage fused into machine."
—Master Necrotech Mortenebra

CHASSIS: Slayer

IN SERVICE: UNKNOWN

HEIGHT: 11'10"

WEIGHT: 6.25 tons

MAXIMUM LAND SPEED: 22.2 km/h

ARMOR THICKNESS RATING: 1.25" carapace plating

CARRYING CAPACITY: 575 kgs

MAXIMUM LOAD: 1105 kgs

OPTIMAL BOILER FILL: 26 Gallons

FUEL LOAD: 100 kgs of coal or 45 kgs of necrotite (optimal)

FUEL CONSUMPTION: 12 hours general labor, 2 hour combat maneuver

DESIGNER NOTATIONS: "The Slayer is proof of the sublime beauty possible in death and carnage fused into machine."—Master Necrotech Mortenebra

BATTLEFIELD RECOMMENDATIONS: "The Slayer is the perfect instrument of destruction. Its mechanical predilection for slaughter frees my attentions to concentrate elsewhere." – Wraithwitch Deneghra

STEAMWORKERS UNION COMMENTS: "Never open Cryxian salvage. Smelt it to ash and slag, and pour the dredge into the bay. Nothing that comes from Cryx is safe." –Grollick Holbrant, Five Fingers guild member

The longer a Slayer exists, the more like a beast it becomes. Veteran helljacks are as sinister and bloodthirsty as the Cryxian warcaster who control them in battle.

SLAYER HELLJACK

Slayer Helljack

Large sized necrotech construct

Slayer – Helljack

Large sized necrotech construct

Height/Weight: 11'10" / 6.25 tons

Armament: Twin Death Claws, Tusks

Initial Service Date: 531 AR (first known sighting)

Hit Dice: 14

Hit Points: 107

Base Initiative: +0

Speed: 30 ft. (6 squares)

Armor Class: 21 (-1 size, +2 Dex, +12 armor), touch 11, flat footed 21

BAB/Grapple: +10/+22

Attack: Death Claw +17 (2d6+8+1d6 acid)

Full Attack: 2 Death Claws +17 (2d6+8+1d6 acid) and Tusks +12 (2d4+4)

Space/Reach: 10 ft. by 10 ft. (10 foot reach.)

Saving Throws: Fort +4, Reflex +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 26, Dex 14

Cortex: Necro-cortex – Intelligence 12, Wisdom 12

Build DC: Unknown

Construction Time: Unknown

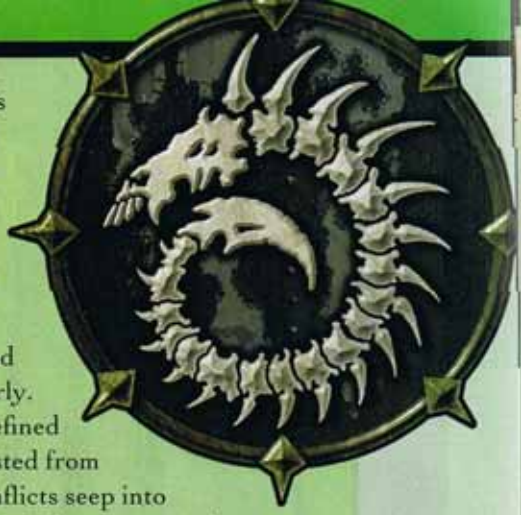
Price: Unknown

Special Attacks: Death Claw corrosion

Special Qualities: Mechanikal construct traits, steamjack traits, damage reduction 10/Serricsteel, darkvision 60 feet, lowlight vision.

Challenge Rating: 11

Death Claw: Attacks with a Death Claw that successfully strike a target deal 1d6+2 acid damage or suffer 1d6 acid damage for the next round.



Equally meticulous attention is given to the fabrication of the Slayer's weapons—its Death Claws. Each claw is crafted from the finest steel and tempered to withstand tremendous force and punch through armor. The Slayer's bladelike hydraulic talons secrete its lethal corrosive from concealed reservoirs. Slayer acid is preternaturally powerful and capable of melting the armor off enemy 'jacks like wax dripping from a candle. The Slayer itself has been alchemically treated to withstand the effects of this caustic agent.

Little known outside the armories of Cryx, not all necrotite is the same, and the performance of these monstrous constructs is enhanced when fueled properly. Though any necrotite is adequate for bonejacks, helljacks prefer a more refined repast. The Slayer runs at optimal efficiency when fueled with necrotite harvested from sites of massacre and old battlefields. The hate and violence of such bloody conflicts seep into the ground and permeate everything they touch, lending potency to this fuel. When sent on the most critical missions, the necrotechs utilize this concentrated necrotite, which can substantially extend the length of time before its fuel is consumed.

Designed for speed and ferocity, the Slayer stalks forth with swaying lopes like a great hunting beast. Rear-jointed legs and the potent soulfire furnace provide the Slayer with fast and agile grace and give it an edge against more ponderous constructs. Charging in to gore its foe with tusks, the Slayer follows with a frenzy of vicious swipes from its acid-drenched claws.

GRAIN BEFORE THE SCYTHE OR FOES BEFORE THE SLAYER, IT MATTERS LITTLE TO THE HELLJACKS OF CRYX.

by **Todd Arrington**

by **Todd Arrington**

by **Dave Perrotta**

by **Dan Smith**

by **Dan Smith**

by **Dan Smith**

by **Todd Arrington**

by **Dan Smith**

Toy Collector Alert!

Sneak Peek at the Upcoming Lord Commander Coleman Stryker Action Figure

Very soon, Arizona based toy manufacturer, Southern Island, will release its first action figure based on WARMACHINE. Privateer Press and Southern Island have worked very closely over the past two months to ensure that this first offering would embody a perfect rendition of the character, Lord Commander Coleman Stryker.

Highly detailed and sporting sixteen points of articulation, the six inch Stryker will come equipped not only with Quicksilver MK II and his Magnum pistol (which can be removed from its hip-slung holster) but with a freestanding Cygnaran battle standard, ready to be planted in the ruins of his enemy's cities.

Expect to see Southern Island's Lord Commander Coleman Stryker on sale in fine comic and game stores before the end of the year, and we'll keep you up to date on the developments of new WARMACHINE toys to be released next year!

For the latest developments on upcoming WARMACHINE toys, visit Southern Island at: **www.southernisland.com**

The Lord Commander Coleman Stryker action figure prototype, ready to be made into a final production mold, and eager for his shiny new paintjob!

All Along the Watchtower

From Yogurt Container to Tower in 14 Easy Steps!

By Alfonso Falco with Rob Stoddard

When we last spoke we brought Pitt's Pistols to life and Alfonso was quickly building up a resistance to my interrogation techniques (dark rum). With many of my henchmen falling ill recently I had to adapt my methods. After explaining to Alfonso how his knowledge would be used to better the Iron Kingdoms universe, he quickly jumped at the next project, a Khadoran outpost tower.

Before we can begin constructing our mighty outpost we need to requisition the appropriate supplies. This includes the following materials: a 32oz yogurt container (1), a few sheets of 1/8" foam board, plastic cards of multiple thicknesses, a 1/8" plastic rod or tube, styrene cement, card stock & matte board, a metal ruler, a couple of jumbo paper clips, some straight pins, hole punches of 1/16", 1/8", & 1/4", as well as some small chain, and of course yellow glue (wood glue). We'll also want our normal everyday hobby supplies, a hobby knife, clippers, our super glue, and possibly some super glue accelerator.

I recommend emptying the yogurt container before beginning this process, unless you like things extremely messy. We will start by taking the lid off the yogurt container and turning it upside down. Now that the hard part is over we can really get to work. Next we will be constructing the top of the tower. A 4 1/2" x 4 1/2" x 2" box will make an excellent vantage point. Start with the floor by cutting a 4 1/2" x 4 1/2" piece of foam board. Now the walls: two of our wall sections need to be 4 1/2" x 2" and the other two will be 4" x 2". Working with our 4 1/2" x 2 sections and some yellow glue, place the sections on top of the floor on opposite edges. To help stabilize these while our glue dries take some straight pins and push them through the floor and into the wall sections. Repeat the same process with our 4" x 2" walls. I recommend also adding a bit of glue to the inside corners where all our wall sections meet.

With our yogurt container flipped over you should find a nub in the center of what is now the top. Stick a straight pin through the nub, take the pin and insert it from the underside through the hole so the pin is sticking out through the top, use a drop or two of super glue to fasten the pin to the container. Next we need to find the center of the 4 1/2" box, this is easily accomplished by drawing a line from each corner to the opposite corner. Our center point is where the two lines cross; push the pin through the floor of the box. Line the top edges of the

container with some yellow glue, push the pin through the center point and set the box atop the container. (2)

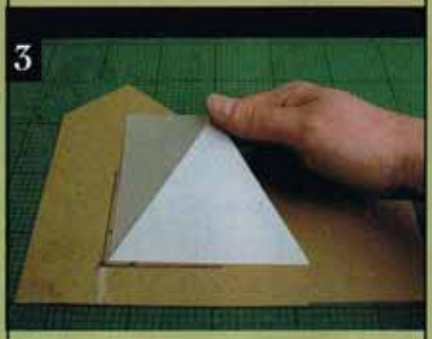
We are going to make the roof out of a plastic card. I recommend photocopying the template from this article so that you can outline it on our plastic card; we will need four of the triangles to complete the roof. Once we have these cut out we can begin the assembly. Place one of our triangles completely flat, next take a second

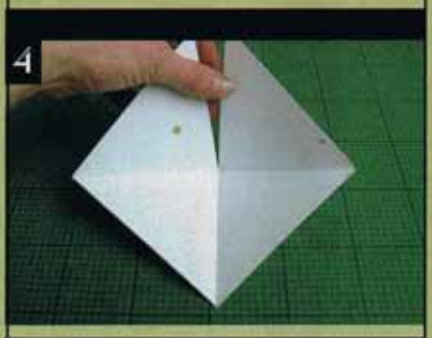
triangle and dry fit the two pieces together at the edges to form a 90 degree angle—this allows us to check lengths and make any adjustments if necessary. If the lengths look good and the two pieces form a 90-degree angle it's time to glue them together. Place the two pieces back together forming our 90-degree angle and glue them together with styrene cement. Hold this until it sets or add a drop or two of super glue to help things along. (3)

Repeat this same process for the other half of our roof section. When both halves are dry we will glue them together using our styrene cement. (4) Once this is done the roof should look like a 5 1/2" x 5 1/2" box from overhead. And there we have our roof section. (5) If you want to fly your colors from atop this outpost, be sure to cut a small hole in the roof for a flagpole. Our next step is to use yellow glue and mount it to our top section. (6) With the base of our roof constructed and drying we will hold off on our shingles until later.

Next we will add details to bring this piece to life. Grab some balsa wood, or something comparable such as bass wood, and cut four 2" long pieces. Glue these under the four corners of our top section to give the appearance of support beams. The trim on the corners of the top section is made from thin plastic card. Cut out eight of the same pattern, you'll want these 2" long since that is the height of our top section. Glue them to the corners with wood glue, or you can speed up the process by using super glue. (7) Super glue will normally dissolve foam materials, however if the super glue only contacts the paper side of the foam board this will not be a concern.

For the gun ports, we will cut out a number of 3/4" x 1/2" plastic card rectangles. We went with a total of seventeen; nine were used on the top section, and three per wall. The remainder were used on the bottom section—our gun





ports were glued in place with just a bit of super glue, be sure to glue them high enough to leave room for the door. If you glue the gun ports at least 2 3/4" from the base of the yogurt container this will leave enough room for a 2" tall door. The hinges for our gun ports are bits of paper clip cut into small pieces. Place a tiny amount of super glue on the top edge of the gun port where you want the hinges, place the paper clip piece, and instant hinge! Since we are dealing with small pieces of paper clips you may want to use tweezers for precise placement of the hinges.

Time to create a steel door. Cut out a 1 1/2" x 2" piece of matte board—this and a 30mm base will turn into our doorframe. The door itself will be provided by the smooth surface of the container. Center the 30mm base 1/8" from the top of the rectangle, draw an outline around the base with a pen or pencil. Now, center the base 1/8" from the bottom of the rectangle and outline it, the two outlines should overlap. Connect the sides of the circles by drawing lines parallel to the rectangle's long edges. This provides the oval that we want for the door—all that is left is cutting it out with a hobby knife. Once this has been done, set the doorframe atop the lip near the bottom of our container and glue it in place with yellow glue.

Sincethis is the Iron Kingdoms, rivets are in order—lots and lots of rivets. I recommend using hole punches to make quick, ready to go rivets. It's best to have a variety of sizes so you can mix up the look, The most common hole punch is 1/4" which is a bit large but works great when you want huge rivets. Take card stock, cereal boxes are a good size, and punch out some 1/4" rivets. We'll use these larger ones around the base of the container. The majority of our rivets were made using a 1/16" hole punch with a few 1/8" rivets included as well. You can find 1/8" and 1/16" hole punches at arts & craft stores, fabric stores, or even rubber stamp stores, which is where we found ours. Use yellow glue to attach the rivets. If you find yourself

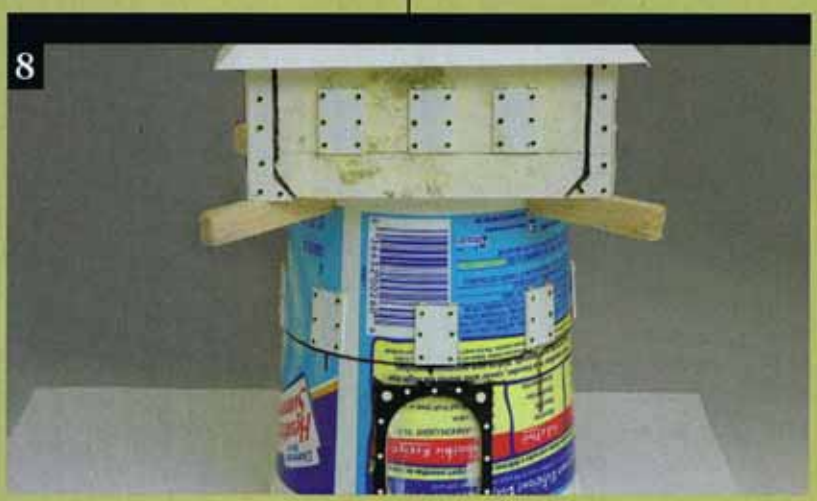
needing to reposition any of the smaller rivets I recommend using a toothpick. Gently apply pressure and move the rivet around until you find your desired location. You do not want to press too hard with the toothpick or you will end up leaving an indentation in your rivets. (8)

The additional stonework used on the lower section is one of the easiest details that can be added to any terrain structure. Utilizing car stock and matte board, we cut out roughly six-dozen 1/4" x 1/2" rectangles. To fasten the card stock rectangles to the yogurt container yellow glue was used once again. Keep in mind that you do not necessarily want the entire container covered with this stonework. Spread them out into groups, leaving space between groups as well as individual stones. This provides a great look of varying stone sizes. (9)

By this time our roof should be completely dry and ready for us to lay our shingles down. Our shingles are made out of thin card stock: cut around three-dozen 1/2" x 6" strips. Once we have our strips we will make approximately 1/4" cuts into the strip to make the illusion of individual shingles. After this is done we can go back and chip up the shingles and put angle cuts on the edges to make things a bit more real. Make these cuts by eye; they don't need to be perfect. Once we have strips of shingles ready we can start gluing them to the base of our roof using yellow glue. We want to start at the bottom of the roof and work our way up making sure to overlap the shingle strips. By the end of this process we should have a completed roof. (10)

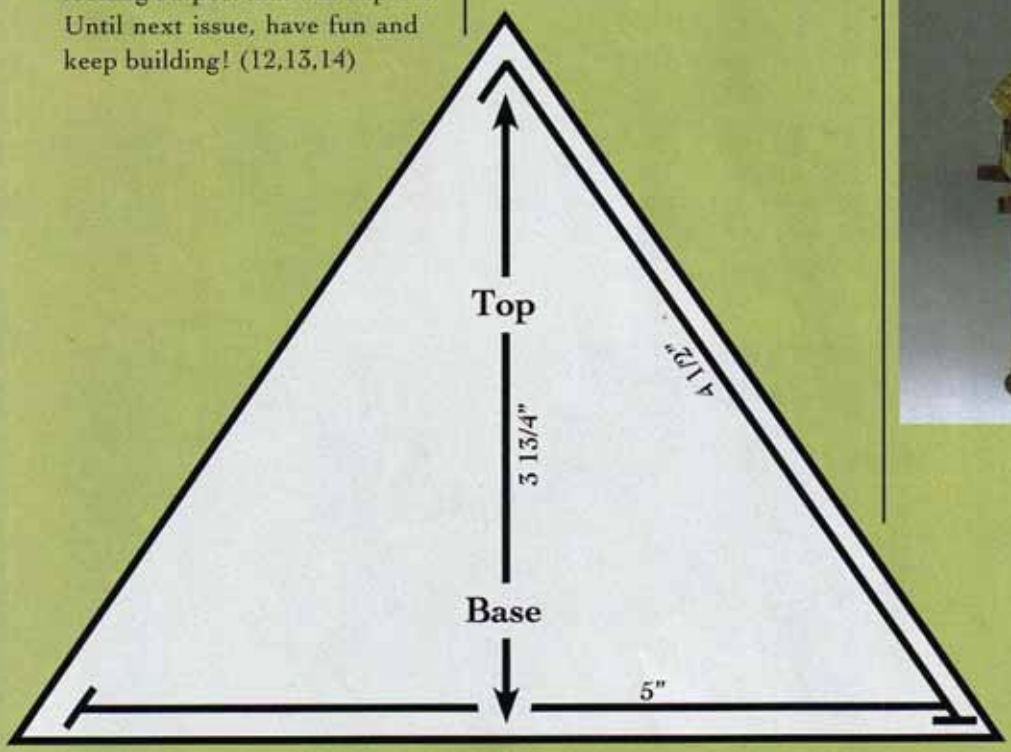
Let's go back up to our gun ports and add a few final details—specifically the chains that lift up the gun ports and give our troops their vantage point. Grab our 1/8" plastic rod and clippers. Cut the rod in 1/8" lengths, longer if you prefer, the look is entirely up to you. With a drop of super glue on the 1/8" rod, center it just above our gun ports, allowing a few minutes for all of these to dry. Next we will need our small chain. Measure by eye how long this chain will need to be to reach from the rod to the center of our gun ports and cut the lengths. With super glue, place one end of the chain on the 1/8' rod and the other end on the gun port. If you are using a 1/8" plastic tube and your chain will fit inside the tube, I recommend doing this. We might also want to use accelerator to help speed up this drying process. (11)

The last thing before painting was our flagpole. We used the remainder of our plastic rod and glued it into the top of the roof. The flag itself is made from normal printer paper—just place a design



that appeals to you on the paper; I recommend painting the design on. Be sure to add a bit of length to the flag so you can wrap the excess around the flagpole. You will notice that our Khadoran flag has seen some significant battle, but of course this is the Iron Kingdoms & WARMACHINE!

With a bit of grey drybrushing & highlights, some metallic paint for our gun ports and edging, and watered down brown ink for a rusted look we have a great looking outpost that will impress. Until next issue, have fun and keep building! (12,13,14)



GEN CON INDY 2005

Photos By Mengu Gungor, Duncan Huffman, Robyn Mounts, and Matt Wilson

August in Indianapolis.

From every corner of the globe over 25,000 players, game companies, and fans converge on the city for the largest gaming convention in the United States. Gen Con Indy is more than just another gaming convention. For the zealous gamer and every company which caters to them it eagerly anticipated all year long—the big show. For the latest and greatest products from favorite companies, the hundreds of events, or the 96 hours of non-stop gaming, Gen Con is not to be missed.

Privateer Press wouldn't miss it for the world. Not only do we get a chance to show off our games to those who may not know us yet, but we get to announce our latest products and spend four full days hanging out with our hardcore players. Because we bring more staff than any other show, for our players it has become the best place to get us all in one spot and really get to know us in person.

With 14 staff members, over 30 volunteers, two truck loads and over six tons of freight, Privateer Press hit Gen Con this year bigger and louder than ever.

The launch of Apotheosis, the announcement of HORDES, and

The odyssey begins at SeaTac Airport as the staff gets underway.

more events than ever before all contributed to the one of the most impressive turnouts for any one booth that Gen Con has ever seen.

Tournaments

Privateer Press hosted three major tournaments this year ranging from a simple 500 point battle all the way up to the two day National Open Championships. With record turnouts, new prize packages, brand new terrain, and some of the finest players in the world, this year's events were a huge success.

Clash of Gears

On Thursday we opened with a full-metal showdown of 750 points. Using the new Steamroller package, players were able to really put this new point level through its paces.

Sixty-four generals took the challenge with Khador slightly edging out the others in number of players representing each faction

Clash of Gears Winners

Justin Herring
Best Cygnar and Overall Champion

Alec Berger
Best Cryx

Chris Tanzos
Best Khador

Jonas Tune
Best Mercenary

Adam Morrision
Best Protectorate

WARMACHINE NATIONAL OPEN CHAMPIONSHIPS

Friday saw the start of the first annual WARMACHINE National Open Championships. This new format consists of a 500 point battle on day one to narrow the field to the top eight, who then clash on day two in a separate 1000 point tournament.

Day one saw 84 players turn out to compete for the glory. By the end of the day, only eight would survive and move forward to the next round. The 500 pointer was played to the Steamroller standard and as the competition came to a close, some surprises were in store.

All four factions were represented heavily. Even mercenaries had a few players to round out the field. Everyone fully expected at least one representative of each faction to make it to the finals the next day. Toruk had other plans it seems. Not one single Cryx player made the final cut. This year's Cryx award would remain unclaimed.

TOP EIGHT

David Carl
Protectorate

Dan Doughtery
Khador

Justin Herring
Cygnar

Ben Johnson
Mercenary

Don McCalmon
Protectorate

Cale Nearing
Cygnar

Chris Tanzos
Khador

Gary VanWormer
Khador

Jason Soles and the winners of the National Championships.

With 76 players already crushed on the field of battle, on day two the survivors gathered to determine the best of the best. This time competitors fielded 1000 point lists with Jason Soles presiding over every game.

WARMACHINE NATIONAL OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP WINNERS

Gary VanWormer
Best Khador & National Champion

Justin Herring
Best Cygnar

David ("I was late back from lunch") Carl
Best Protectorate

Ben Johnson
Best Mercenary

FULL-METAL SUNDAY

For the diehards still wanting to get in a few rounds as the show closed down around them, we ran a 500 point last chance tourney to top off the events for the week. Over 20 players showed up to get their last licks in.

SUNDAY WINNERS

Dustin Sanders
Best Khador and Overall Champion

Daniel Powel
Best Protectorate

Nathan Gouldsberry
Best Cryx

Chris Pratt
Best Cygnar

Jonas Tune
Best Mercenary

Jason Soles sorts the data by hand.

Tour of Duty

This year Privateer Press decided to offer a new type of event for WARMACHINE. Tour of Duty is a multi player event played over the course of two days across four detailed battlefields that represent separate areas of the Iron Kingdoms. Part "capture the flag," part "king of the hill," Tour of Duty players earned points for their faction by taking objective and holding terrain features. With fast paced five minute timed turns and constantly replenishing allies, players went from table to table seeking glory for their comrades.

Over 85 players cycled through the new terrain with Khador winning the event by a landslide. Dan Dougherty took MVP for Khador by single-handedly holding a Menite temple over day one without being eliminated once. His 500 point Vladimir force stood ground while facing over 2500 points and wave after wave of enemies.

Iron Kingdoms

Nathan Letsinger made sure the RPG players had plenty of table time as well. Over 100 players in dozens of hours of game play got to sample our latest introductory adventure, a more in depth exploration of the IK, and even a chance to be smugglers on the coast of western Immoren.

Iron Kingsoms World Guide took home two Ennie Awards: one for Best Writing and the other for Best Campaign Setting/Setting Suppmement

Costumes

While there have been some fantastic Iron Kingdoms costumes at Gen Con in the past, we have never seen a turn out quite like this.

THE NEXT BIG THING

For those watching the countdown on the Privateer Press website with baited breath there was one event that generated more interest and speculation than anything else this year. Of course I am referring to the "Next Big Thing" announcement. Cryptically titled and revealing only that it would be announced Saturday at 10:00 am during Gen Con, the Next Big Thing website had players dying to find out more.

While the day one crowds were impressive for the launch of Apotheosis, no one foresaw the sheer volume of folks who showed up to hear the announcement of the upcoming game, HORDES. With Gen Con security providing an assist and the Press Gang volunteers switching from demos to crowd control, everything went beautifully.

Hundreds of HORDES Trollblood Axer pre-release models were sold and thousands got a glimpse at two of the four new factions.

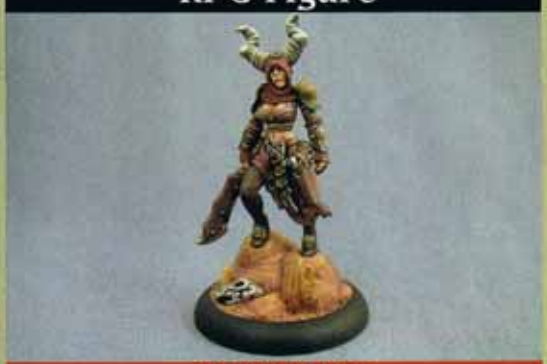
PAINTING CONTESTS

This year's painting contests went better than ever. Not only did we get some of the finest painted WARMACHINE models to date in our own contest, but the open categories from Gen Con had more WARMACHINE and Iron Kingdoms entries than ever before.

Overall Winner:

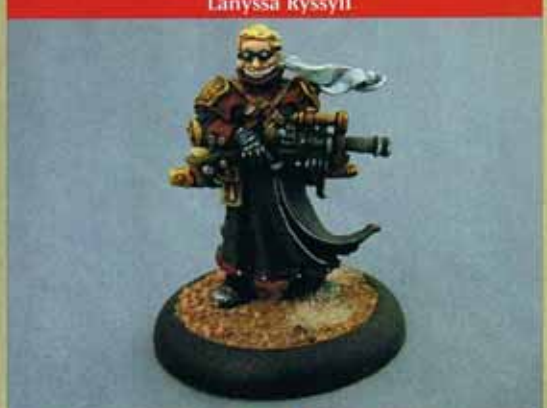
Mengu Gungor
Khador Mechanik

RPG Figure

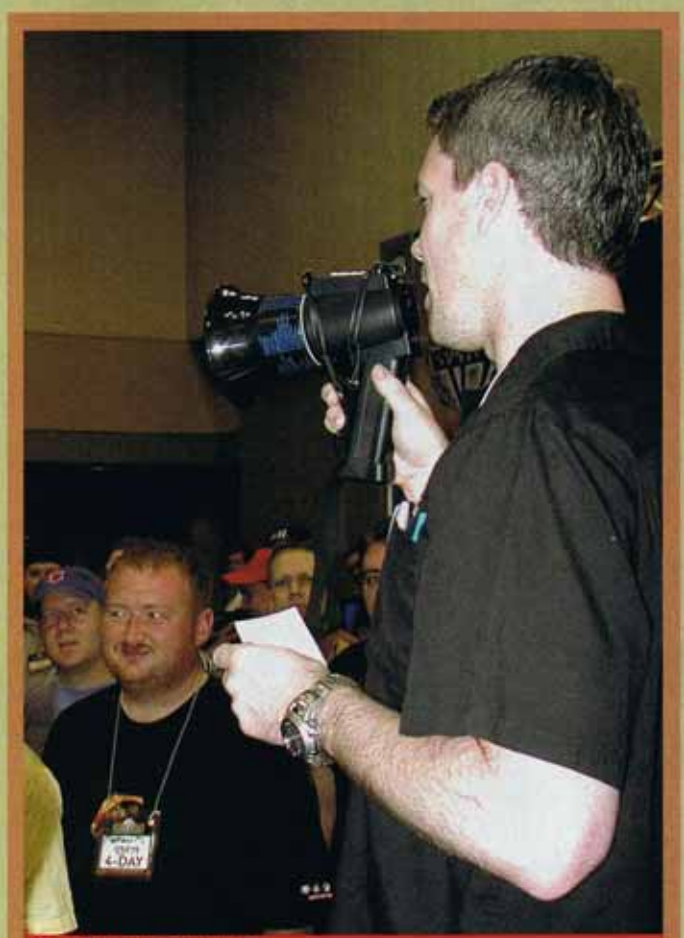


1st - Mayne Thiele
Satyxis Raider

2nd - Mark Krabbenhoft
Lanyssa Ryssyll



3rd - Steve Petrey
Monster Hunter



Matt Wilson announces
HORDES to a massive crowd

Warjack

1st — Derek Schubert
Redeemer

2nd — Mengu Gungor
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3rd — Mayne Thiele
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1st - Todd Arrington
Gorten

2nd - Daniel Smith
Lich Lord Terminus

3rd -Todd Arrington
Terminus

Battle Group

1st - Angela Imrie
Vlad, Kodiak & Juggernaut

2nd - Nicholas Wagner,
Sorscha Battlegroup

Unit

Todd Arrington
Stormblades

We would also like to say a special thanks to all of the Press Gang who volunteered for the show. Every year you folks work hard to make this a fantastic event; we're lucky to have you.

Can't wait until next year!

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Break Yer Toys!

Conversions are models that have been altered from their original sculpt by players or modelers who want to add their own look and feel to the piece.

Some conversions can be as simple as repositioning an arm to bend at the elbow, others are practically rebuild the model with bits borrowed from many sources or even scratch build parts of their own. Whether intended for actual play, or just to meet the modeler's own artistic vision, conversions can a great way to build your skills and indulge your imagination.

The rules for converted models in WARMACHINE tournaments are simple. The models must be based on WARMACHINE models, and have the recognizable weapons reflected on the card. A judge can make exceptions and approve any reasonable conversion. You will need to keep an unaltered original version on hand in case the judge requests it. That is all there is to it. The rest is up to your imagination.

Here are a few conversions by our staff. Some are playable, while others are just for the fun of it. You may even be inspired to chop up a few models and make a masterpiece of your own.

So go ahead... Break yer toys!

Alfonso Falco's boneswarm surfer catches a nasty wave.

Jon Rodriguez' Templar-o-war is a steam powered force for Menoth.

Ben Tracy's Darius shows what can be done with a jeweler's saw and some imagination.

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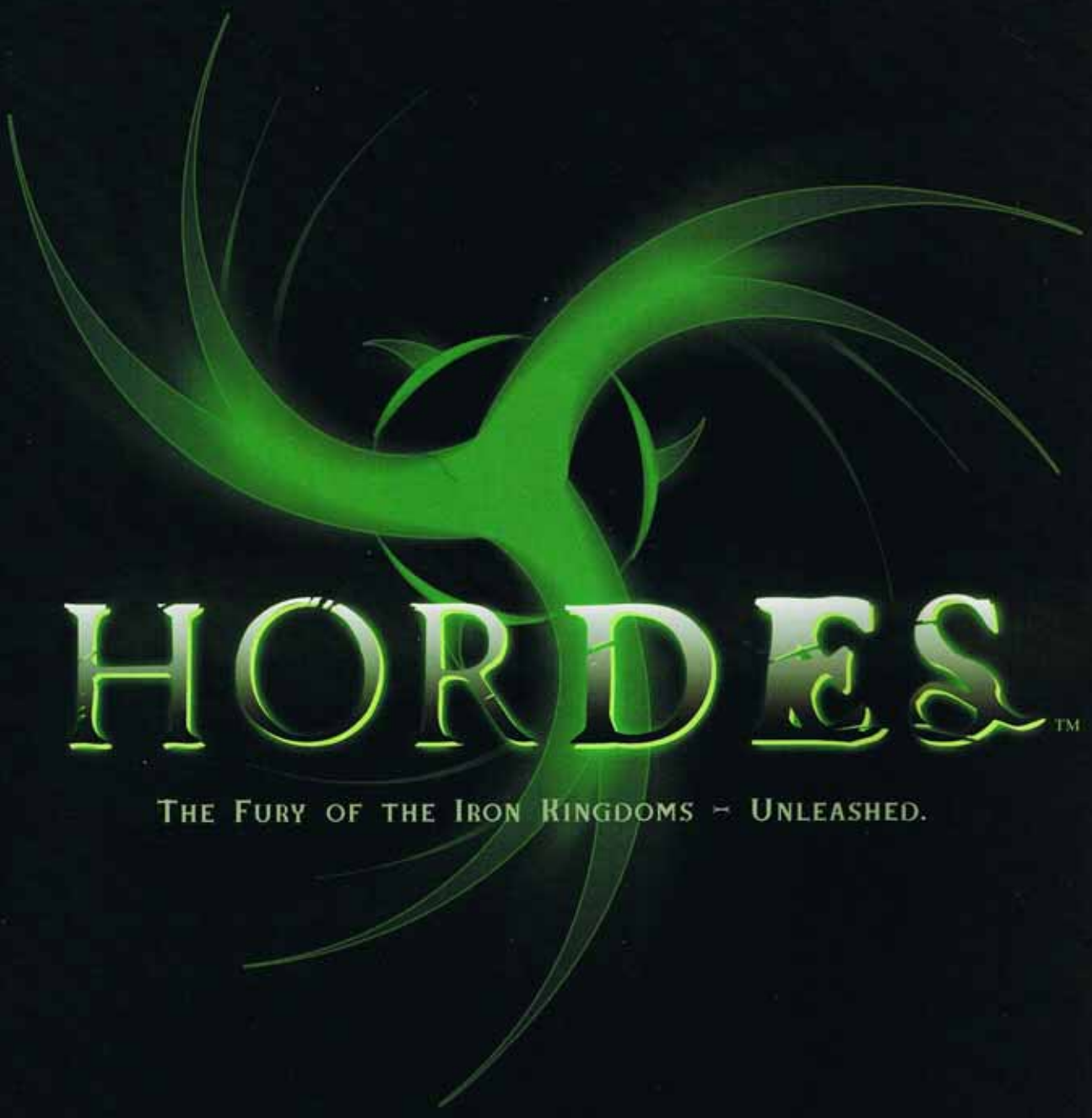

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